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THE FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

leagues	pre-cise'-ly	ně'-ces-sa-ry	at'-mo-sphere
fore'-head	re-sourc'-es	might'-i-est	im-pos'-si-ble
bap'-tism	fac'-tor-ies	re-volv'-ing	fruit'-ful-ness

THE SEA AND ITS USES.

1. It is a common thing, in speaking of the sea, to call it "a waste of waters." But this is a mistake. Instead of being a waste and a desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and a desert. It is the world's fountain of life, and health, and beauty; and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forest would crumble on the hills.

2. Water is as necessary to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring *up* into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into the sea.

3. The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the

rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an incumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world.

4. We are surrounded by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children.

5. It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty, or listened to its eternal anthem.

6. Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys, and rivers among the hills.

7. The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there could be no drainage for the lands. It



THE SEA BY MOONLIGHT.

is the scavenger of the world. The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy, and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over again in its healing waters.

8. There they rest when they are weary; there they rouse themselves when they are refreshed. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through, by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of the ocean, and striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and vigour.

9. The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man.

10. Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet.

11. It is the sea that tunnels the mountain, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths, and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the

iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would else be impossible.



Per-pet'-u-al—never ending, lasting for ever.

Scav'-eng-er—one who cleanses.

Mal-a'-ri-a—impure air, arising from marshy districts.

In-ex-haust'-i-ble—not to be emptied.

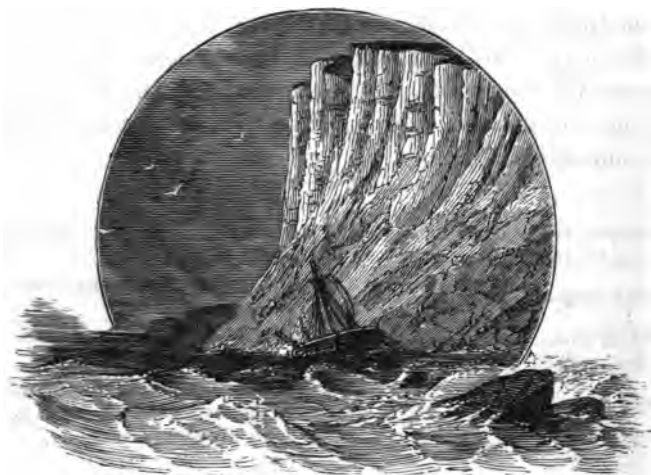
In-cum'-brance—anything which hinders.

"E-ter'-nal an'-them"—never ending song.

Piv'-ot—that point on which a body turns.

Long'-i-tude—length, distance on the earth's surface east or west from any given meridian.





LESSON II.

THE SEA.

1. The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
2. I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

3. I love, oh ! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.
4. I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.
5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !
6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea.

Procter.



LESSON III.

rus'-tling	lone'-li-ness	fright'-ened	touch'-ing
deigned	un-dy'-ing	no-bil'-i-ty	mě-di-cine
lux'-u-ry	sub-du'-ing	be-wild'-ered	af-fect'-ion

MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

1. In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits.

2. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger: and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

3. The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed, with air and words—for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

4. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

4 5. "Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company." "It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment." "Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

6. Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said—"I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

7. The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air. "Did you compose it?" she asked—"you, a child? And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

8. "Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, "but I couldn't leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother, for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

9. Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried

them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

10. When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face.

11. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited. The band—the whole band—struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and could hardly refrain from clapping his hands for joy.

12. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and nought could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching!

13. Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

14. The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realised a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits."

15. The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

16. The memory of the prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

17. All honour to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child!



In'-val-id—sick, ill, not strong.
Com-posed'—made up, put together.
An-nounc'-ing—making known.

Plaint'-ive—sad, touching, not lively or cheerful.
Mel'-o-dy—an air, or tune.
Re'-al-ised—made, received.



LESSON IV.

chief'-ly	knight'-ed	in-creased'	ad'-vers-a-ry
brief'-ly	quest'-ions	oc-curred'	as-sail'-ants
pierced	splen'-dour	be-sieged'	em-broid'-ered
pur-suit'	hedge'-less	in'-ter-view	per-se-ver'-ance
spé'-cial	im-ag'-ine	re-treat'-ing	de-liv'-er-ance

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

A.D. 1346.

1. The two great events of Edward the Black Prince's life; and those which made him famous in war, were the two great battles of Cressy and of Poitiers.

2. And first for Cressy. I shall not undertake to describe the whole fight, but will call your attention briefly to the questions which every one ought to ask himself, if he wishes to understand anything about any battle whatever.

3. First, Where was it fought? Secondly, Why was it fought? Thirdly, How was it won? And, fourthly, What was the result of it? And to this I must add, in the present instance, What part was taken in it by the prince, now following his father as a young knight, in his first great campaign?

4. The first of these questions involves the second also. If we make out where a battle was fought, this usually tells us why it was fought. And this is one of the many proofs of the use of learning geography together with history. Each helps us to understand the other.

5. Edward had ravaged Normandy, and reached the very gates of Paris, and was retreating towards Flanders, when he was overtaken by the French king, Philip, who, with an immense army, had determined to cut him off entirely, and so put an end to the war.

6. With difficulty, and by the happy accident of a low tide, Edward crossed the mouth of the Somme, and found himself in his own maternal inheritance of Ponthieu, and for that special reason encamped near the forest of Cressy, fifteen miles east of Abbeville. "I am," he said, "on the right heritage of madam my mother, which was given her in dowry ; I will defend it against my adversary Philip of Valois."

7. It was Saturday, the 28th of August, 1346, and it was at four in the afternoon that the battle commenced. It always helps us better to imagine any remarkable event when we know at what time of the day or night it took place, and on this occasion it is of great importance, because it helps us at once to answer the question we asked—How was the battle won ?

8. The French army had advanced from Abbeville, after a hard day's march, to overtake the retiring enemy. All along the road, and flooding the hedgeless plains which bordered the road, the army, swelled by the surrounding peasantry, rolled along, crying " Kill ! kill ! " drawing their swords, and thinking they were sure of their prey.

9. What the French king chiefly relied upon (besides his great numbers) was the troop of fifteen thousand cross-bowmen from Genoa. These were made to stand in front ; when, just as the engagement was about to take place, one

of those extraordinary incidents occurred which often turn the fate of battles, as they do of human life in general.

10. A tremendous storm gathered from the west, and broke in thunder, and rain, and hail, on the field of battle; the sky was darkened, and the horror was increased by the hoarse cries of crows and ravens, which fluttered before the storm, and struck terror into the hearts of the Italian bowmen, who were unaccustomed to these northern tempests. And when at last the sky had cleared, and they prepared their crossbows to shoot, the strings had been made so wet by the rain that they could not draw them.

11. By this time the evening sun streamed out in full splendour over the black clouds of the western sky, right in their faces; and at the same moment the English archers, who had kept their bows in cases during the storm, and so had their strings dry, let fly their arrows so fast and thick, that those who were present could only compare it to snow or sleet. Through and through the heads, and necks, and hands of the Genoese bowmen the arrows pierced. Unable to stand it they turned and fled, and from that moment the panic and confusion were so great that the day was lost.

12. But though the storm, and the sun, and the archers had their part, we must not forget the prince. He was, we must remember, only sixteen, and yet he commanded the whole English army.

13. It is said that the reason for this was, that the King of France had been so bent on destroying the English forces, that he had hoisted the sacred banner of France—the great scarlet flag, embroidered with golden lilies, called the *Oriflamme*—as a sign that no quarter would be given;

and that when King Edward saw this, and saw the hazard to which he should expose, not only the army, but the whole kingdom, if he were to fall in battle, he determined to leave it to his son.

14. On the top of a windmill, of which the solid tower is still to be seen on the ridge overhanging the field, the king, for whatever reason, remained bareheaded, whilst the young prince, who had been knighted a month before, went forward with his companions in arms into the very thick of the fray; and when his father saw that the victory was virtually gained, he forbore to interfere. "Let the child win his spurs," he said, in words which have since become a proverb, "and let the day be his."

15. The prince was in very great danger at one moment; he was wounded and thrown to the ground, and only saved by Richard de Beaumont, who carried the great banner of Wales, throwing the banner over the boy as he lay on the ground, and standing upon it till he had driven back the assailants.

16. The assailants were driven back, and far through the long summer evening, and deep into the summer night, the battle raged. It was not till all was dark that the prince and his companions halted from their pursuit; and then huge fires and torches were lit up that the king might see where they were.

17. And then took place that touching interview between the father and the son; the king embracing the boy in front of the whole army, by the red light of the blazing fires, and saying, "Sweet son! God give you good perseverance; you are my true son, right royally have you

acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown." And the young prince, after the reverential manner of those times, "bowed to the ground, and gave all the honour to the king his father."

18. The general result of the battle was the deliverance of the English army from a most imminent danger, and subsequently the conquest of Calais, which the king immediately besieged and won, and which remained in the possession of the English from that day to the reign of Queen Mary.

Dean Stanley.

In-volves'—includes, takes in.

Rav'-aged—spoiled, ruined.

In'-ci-dents—events.

Vir'-tu-al-ly—in effect.

Rev-er-en'-tial—respectful.

For-bore'—abstained from, kept from, declined.

"Ac-quit'-ted your-self"—done that which was to have been expected of you.

LESSON V.

neigh sedg'-y ar'-mour squad'-ron

SOLDIER, REST!

1. Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
2. Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

3. No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing ;
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
4. Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
 At the daybreak, from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
5. Ruder sounds shall none be near ;
 Guards nor warders challenge here ;
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Sir Walter Scott.



Clang—the sharp ringing sound of metals striking together.

Pi'-broch—the wild martial music of the Scottish bagpipe.

Clan—a tribe, the descendants from one family, under a chief.

Mus'-ter-ing—gathering together, collecting.

Fal'-low—land ploughed and left to rest, viz., without cropping, for a season.

Bit'-tern—a large bird which frequents marshes. It makes a singular noise, something like the bellowing of a bull, called booming.



LESSON VI.

weap'-on	gazed	dread'-ful	con-clūd'-ed
be-lieve'	seized	crawl'-ing	dis-tinct'-ly

WATCHING FOR A LEOPARD.

1. One night I heard a great cackling of my fowls, which perched on a tree near my hut ; and soon afterwards I heard them flying away in every direction. I jumped from my couch and opened the door, thinking some one was trying to steal some of them.

2. The moon was still shining, so that it was not perfectly dark as I stepped into the yard ; when, lo ! I was struck with terror to find myself face to face with a tremendous leopard. How big he looked ! I was so astonished that for the space of thirty seconds—which seemed to me to be minutes—I did not stir a step.

3. I looked at the leopard, which certainly was not more than six yards from me ; and the leopard, which probably was quite as much astonished at my sudden apparition, looked at me. I must have appeared to him like a ghost. I seemed to be spell-bound. So did the leopard.

4. Suddenly I came to my senses, and having no weapon with me, made a rush for the door, shut myself inside, seized my rifle, and then opened the door in the quietest possible way. I now felt strong, having my gun in my hand, and so looked out for Mr. Leopard ; but the great beast had gone. I fancy he was as much frightened as I was.

5. Such a sudden meeting in the night had never happened to me before, and has never happened to me since, and I hope never will happen to me again. In the morning when I awoke, the enormous footprints of the beast reminded me that it was not a dream.

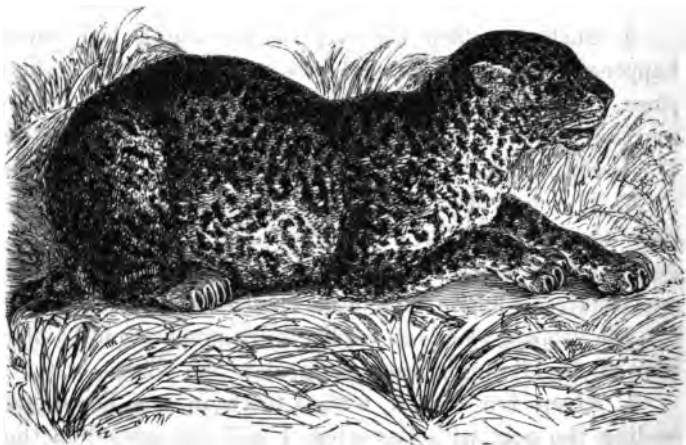
6. The next day I bought a goat, and tied it by the neck to a tree, just on the border of the forest clearing. Not far from the tree where the goat was tied there was another tree, a huge one, so I concluded to lie in wait there for the leopard; and at night, every preparation having been made, I brought back the goat to the village.

7. About ten o'clock, with a torch in one hand, and leading the goat with the other, I tied the animal in the most secure manner, so that the leopard would have trouble to carry it off at once. I went and seated myself on the ground, my back being protected by the trunk of the huge tree I have just spoken of, and with my face towards the goat.

8. I extinguished the torch, so that it was pitch dark. At first I could not see a yard off, but at last my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and I was able to see the goat quite plainly. The night was clear, and the stars shone most beautifully overhead.

9. How strange everything looked! A chill ran through me as I gazed around; everything seemed so sombre and mournful—I alone in such a place!—while, now and then, the cry of the solitary owl broke the deadness of the awful silence.

10. The goat, in the meantime, was continually bleating, for the little creature had an instinctive dread of



WAITING FOR HIS PREY.

being alone in such a place. I was glad he cried, for I knew it would make the leopard come if the animal could only hear him.

11. One hour passed away—no leopard! Two hours—no leopard! Three hours—nothing! I began to feel tired, for I was seated on the bare ground. Once or twice I thought I heard snakes crawling, but it was, no doubt, a fancy.

12. I do not know, but I think I must have fallen asleep; for on a sudden, looking for the goat, I saw that it was not there. I rubbed my eyes, for I really was not sure of them: but I was not mistaken—no goat was to be seen! I got up, and my wonder was great when, at the place where the goat had been, I found blood.

13. I could not believe my senses. I lighted the torch

and looked at my watch ; it was four o'clock in the morning ! and then I distinctly saw the footprints of the leopard. There was no mistake about it ; the leopard had come, killed, and carried away the goat, and during that time I was fast asleep !

14. Just think of it ! I must have slept almost two hours, and I felt thankful that the leopard had taken the goat instead of myself. It would have been a dreadful feeling if I had been awakened by being carried away in the jaws of the leopard, his teeth deep into my body ! and the thing might really have happened.

15. I wondered why it had not, and promised myself to be more careful in future. Then I remembered how tired I felt before I went to sleep. If the goat had not been carried away, I should certainly have thought that I had not fallen asleep. As I learned more about leopards, I found they do not generally leave their lairs before one o'clock in the morning, unless they are pressed by hunger.

Du Chaillu.

Tre-men'-dous—very large.
Ap-par-i'-tion—appearance.
Re-mind'-ed—brought back to mind.
Ex-tin-guished—put out.
Ac-cus'-tomed—used to.

Som'-bre—dark and gloomy.
Sol'-it-a-ry—lonely, all alone.
"In-stinct'-ive dread"—feeling of great fear arising without visible cause.
Lair—resting-place, couch.



LESSON VII.

is'-sue	pa'-tient-ly	o-be'-di-ence	ma-chin'-e-ry
af-fairs'	con-trived'	de-sir'-able	la-bōr'-i-ous-ly

THINK.

1. All have heard the saying, "There is no royal road to learning." This means, simply, that no one can think for another; each one must think patiently for himself. We would like much to see things at a glance, without any trouble. Some see more quickly than others, but all who would attain to any real superiority must think patiently for themselves.

2. Have you ever been into a cotton factory? If so, you saw there hundreds of spindles, whirling and spinning the cotton fine and even, and faster than you could think. You saw the looms of the weavers, each with its swift shuttle flying backward and forward, just as if it knew of itself what it was about, and the weaver had only to watch and wait upon it.

3. And, perhaps, you saw the tremendous great wheel turning round and round so gracefully, so slowly, so majestically, and keeping everything moving in the whole building, like a great living heart of the whole.

4. What has done all this? What has invented and contrived all this wonderful machinery? The patient thought of a few minds. It was not at the first glance that they saw all these miracles which they have produced; but they thought, and thought it all out patiently and laboriously, till they found the way to do these things.

5. What was it but patient thought that taught Columbus that there must be a western continent? What but patient thought taught Fulton how he might give to mankind the steamboat?

6. It was patient thought that enabled Washington to conduct the great affairs of war and peace, with which he was entrusted, to a successful issue. It was by patient thought that Napoleon saw how he might conquer some of his enemies in the field, and place France at the head of the nations.

7. Nothing truly great or valuable has been, or ever will be, accomplished without patient thought. By thought alone can we make ourselves wiser and better; for we are made thinking beings, and the more we occupy the mind with good thoughts, the truer, the nobler, and the happier we are.

8. Patient thought is essential to the study of the will and purposes of the Creator, and of our duties and relations to Him and to each other. Thought tells us that the monitions of a pure conscience are the accents of His voice ever speaking to us, and that there is no true peace for us except in fidelity to our sense of right, and in obedience to the will of God.

9. I once knew a little girl, who, after a quarrel, in which she had said some unkind thing to her sister, went and sat down on the step of the door to enjoy the beautiful moonlight evening.

10. She looked up a long while at the silent stars, and at the quiet, gentle moon; and the longer and farther she looked into the depths of the heavens, the more she

thought of the love and the power of Him who made all things.

11. At last, she said to herself, "He who made this glorious and beautiful world must wish all to be good, all to be happy, and I have been destroying the peace and harmony of His world; but for *me*, all would be good and beautiful!"

12. She ran in to her sister, and took her by the hand, and said, "I am sorry for my unkindness to you; forgive me, and come and enjoy with me the beautiful moon and stars that God has made for us all to enjoy."

13. Thus will thought, patient thought, teach us that love is not only right, but more happy than hatred; truth more noble, more desirable than falsehood; and that no suffering which right doing can bring upon us is equal to the torment of a bad conscience.



Es-sen'-tial — absolutely necessary.

Mo-ni'-tions — promptings, warnings.

Fi-del'-i-ty — faithfulness, strict obedience.

Har'-mo-ny — agreement, accord.



LESSON VIII.

oak'-en
dai'-ry

spread'-ing
treas'-ure

pleas'-ure
mead'-ow

drip'-ping
cov'-ered



THE BUCKET.

1. How dear to my heart are the days of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents to my view
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;

c

The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by
it ;

The bridge, and the rock, where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung o'er the well—

The old oaken bucket,

The iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung o'er the well.

2. That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure ;

For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—

The old oaken bucket,

The iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

Rev. S. Woodworth.

Re-col-lect'-ion—memory.

"Deep tan'-gled"—mixed in
wild confusion.

Cat'-a-ract—a waterfall.

Ex'-quis-ite—extreme, very nice.

Em'-blem—sign.



LESSON IX.

pierc'-ing	can-non-ade'	anx-i'-e-ty	ex-cite'-ment
col'-onel	en-gin-eer'	dis-ap-point'	coun'-te-nance
bat'-ter-ies	en-cour'-age	ven'-geance	ap-par'-ent-ly

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

1. Lucknow is a large city on the banks of the river Goomty, in British India. It was garrisoned by British troops in the summer of 1857, and besieged by the native rebels, with a force many times as large as the garrison.

2. These natives, or sepoy, were very cruel, and, if they could have got into the city, would have put all the men, women, and children to a dreadful death.

3. They had advanced their batteries and mines so far that it was evident to all the poor people in Lucknow that in a very short time the city must fall, and the work of death must begin, unless relief should come.

4. And relief was coming, though they did not know it. The brave General Havelock, with twenty-five hundred men, was coming to drive away the bloodthirsty enemy; but, amid the roar and smoke of the cannonade, nothing could be heard or seen.

5. "On every side," says a lady who was present, "death stared us in the face. No human skill could avert it any longer. The engineers told us that soon all would be over. We women strove to encourage one another, and to perform such light duties as we could.

6. "I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in

company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement; and at last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down, wrapped up in her plaid, on the ground.

7. "She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon.

8. "Suddenly I was roused by a wild scream close to my ear; and my companion started upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

9. "A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed—'Do you not hear it? I'm not dreaming! I hear the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved!'

10. "Then, kneeling down, she prayed with passionate fervour. I was bewildered! my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was raving; but she darted to the batteries, and cried to the men—'Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan—the slogan of the Macgregors. Here's help at last!'

11. "The soldiers ceased firing, and all listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there rose a murmur of disappointment, and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull, lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of musketry.

12. "A few moments more of suspense, and Jessie, who had sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried,

in a voice so clear and piercing, that it was heard along the whole line,—‘ Will ye believe it *now* ? The slogan of the Macgregors has ceased, indeed ; but it is now the slogan of the Campbells. Do ye hear ? Do ye hear ? ’

13. “ At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of deliverance in the distance : the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of relief ; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact that the Campbells were coming.

14. “ That sharp, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to friends.

15. “ Never, surely, was such a scene as that which followed. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and from a thousand lips rang out a great shout of joy. We were saved.”

16. On came Havelock and his men ; they hewed a passage through the rebel masses up to the very walls of Lucknow, and snatched their countrymen from the horrors of their impending fate.

A-vert—to keep off.

Slo'-gan—the war-cry of a Highland clan ; also the tune to which it is set.

Be-wild'-ered—confused.

Sap'-pers—those who sap or undermine.

Si-mul-ta'-ne-ous—at the same time.

At'-ti-tude—position.

LESSON X.

quar'-rels lus'-cious light'-ning ban'-quet

THE MONKEYS' DINNER.

1. They amused me very much—those monkeys of the African forests. I have one scene in my memory now—a band of two or three dozen monkeys robbing a mango tree. How they chattered and grinned! what endless fun and frolic! what skirmishes, and quarrels, and tail-pullings!

2. High above all the rest sat two of what might be called middle-aged monkeys, squatting there on the branch as serious as judges, eating a mango each. They now and then paused to scratch their heads with one finger, as if an idea had suddenly struck them, and they were sorry they hadn't a bit of paper and a pencil to note it down.

3. Close under the branch where these two sat was an old chief. He had just brought down a luscious mango, and handed it to his wife, to be passed down to their eldest boy-monkey; but just as the matron turned to hand it to her offspring, the old chief could not resist the temptation of lifting her up by her tail. For this he presently received a slap in the face, which he took in very good part.

4. There were two more middle-aged monkeys at the foot of the tree, and while one of these was gazing up and enjoying the fun, the other stole his mango and escaped with it into the tree.

5. Whilst this was going on, another monkey, who had



MONKEYS AT PLAY.

probably eaten his fill, and was on the look-out for something to do, spied the tail of the second hanging from the tree, and at once set to work to use it as a bell-rope. This brought about a fight between these two, which ended in a general skirmish, in which they used the mangoes to pelt each other.

6. But there was one old monkey who, for reasons of his own, took no part in the fray. He had eaten so many mangoes that he felt himself compelled to lie on his back, and groan, as much as to say, "Well, to be sure, what an old stupid I am; I ought to have known better than to have eaten that last mango."

7. Just at this moment I put in an appearance, and up the tree they all sped like lightning, and began to abuse me terribly; whereupon I opened fire upon them with the remains of the banquet. But two sides can play at this game, and I was soon obliged to retire in hot haste; not, however, without taking with me some of the largest and best of the mangoes, which had been indignantly thrown at me.



LESSON XI.

rail'-road	chim'-ney	po-ta'-toes	hes'-i-tāt-ing
wheth'-er	bus'-i-ness	no'-bod-y	suc-ceed'-ed

GO AHEAD.

1. "Go ahead!" That is good advice, though sometimes it is hardly safe to follow it. If a boy was running toward a railroad, when a train was coming along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, I should think he had better not go ahead.

2. If a girl was walking out in the woods after flowers, and there should happen to be a hornet's nest right in her path, nobody would think it wise to go ahead. There are a great many cases that I could think of in which one had much better go back than go ahead.

3. If a child had begun to be wicked, how much better it would be if he or she would turn round and go straight back, and try to do right. But there are also a great many cases in which the advice to "go ahead" is the very best that can be given.

4. I know some little folks who are in the habit of stopping a long time to think about doing anything. "I'll think about it," is what they always say. And they do think about it, sure enough. They think about it, and talk about it. They sleep over it, and dream over it. And then, very likely they cannot make up their minds.

5. Oh, how I dislike to see a person who never knows how to make up his mind! It is well to be careful,

especially about important matters ; but there is such a thing as being too careful. There is such a thing as making a dunce of oneself by waiting and waiting, and thinking and thinking.

6. I tell you what, little friends, it does not so much matter what kind of business you follow for a living—provided it is honest and harmless—as how you follow it. You must drive your business, whatever it is—whether it is digging potatoes, or digging gold ; selling matches in the street, or muslins and silks in the shop ; setting the types of a book, or spinning it out of your brains ; sweeping chimneys, or building them.

7. Go at your business, let it be what it may, with a hearty good will, and go ahead in it. That is the main thing. That is everything almost. I know a man whose hair is getting white with age now, and who has turned his hand, first and last, to a multitude of different kinds of business. But he has never succeeded with any of them.

8. He is a poor man now. He has always been poor. He always will be poor. And the only reason in the world for his poverty is, that he never learned to go ahead. He will take hold of a thing, and tug away lustily at it for awhile ; but before it is time for him to expect much advantage from this kind of business, he gets tired of it, or discouraged about it, and he turns right around, and goes back, and takes hold of something else.

9. I know another man, not much older than the one I have just spoken of, who began the world as poor as a church mouse ; but who is now a very rich man. That man's motto, from the commencement of his career in the

world to the present moment, has been "Go ahead!" And he has gone ahead. He has been driving all the time, and driving at one single branch of business, too.

10. I hope you will not misunderstand me. I don't mean, when I speak of these different men, and sketch a particular trait in the character of each one, to have you understand that I think wealth is of the greatest importance in this world. I don't think so. I don't want you to think so.

11. I have brought up the cases of these two men to show you what can be done by going ahead; and to let you see how little a person is worth to himself, or to anybody else, who spends his time waiting, and hesitating, and going in this direction and in that direction, and every place but straight forward.

Hor'-net—an insect much like a wasp, but larger and stronger.

Its bite gives intense pain.

E-spè'-cial-ly—particularly.

Trait—a peculiar feature.

Lust'-il-y—strongly, with all his might.

Ad-van'-tage—gain, profit.

Dis-cour'-aged—out of heart.

Ca-reer'—course of life.



LESSON XII.



JUSTICE.

1. Two tabbies on a summer morn
Were gaily walking,
When, lo, a boy let fall a cheese
While busy talking :
Both wandered near, as though in play,
And slyly rolled that cheese away.
2. They rolled it fast, they rolled it far,
Those cunning cats ;
They rolled it to the forest's edge,
By dint of pats :
But when they came to share, you see,
These foolish Toms could not agree.



3. Each one, mistrusting much the
other,
Began to growl,
And made so loud a din and noise,
They woke an owl.
He cried, "Don't fight,
but let us tell
Your case to Lawyer
Judge-'em-well."

4. So said, so done; a
monkey came
When they did call,
With ink and pen, and
scales in hand,
To settle all.

"Are you the folks who disagree,
Give here the cheese and trust to me."

5. He broke the mass, dropped either half
In balance flat.
One lowest plumped, "Now, see how law
Will alter that."
He bit a huge piece off, and plain
They saw him weigh the rest again.
6. "Now this side's wrong;" another nibble
Made that too light.
"Stop!" cried the cats, "why, at the rate
At which you bite, .

We soon shall have no cheese to share :
Surely that is not dealing fair."

7. "Justice must have its dues," cried he,
Still biting ;
"You should have shared your cheese in peace,
Instead of fighting :
The two sides I have matched, and for my fee
All that is left belongs to me."



LESSON XIII.

dole'-ful	mus'-cles	char'-ac-ter	dis-con-tent'
pas'-sion	feat'-ures	your-selves'	dis-sat'-is-fied

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

1. Have you ever seen an india-rubber face, children? And have you ever amused yourselves with pinching it one way and pulling it another, to see what different expressions it would put on? When you cease pulling and pinching, it returns to the same face it was before.

2. Now, your faces are softer than india-rubber, and are full of little strings, called muscles; and these little muscles pull your faces one way, and pull them another, just as your feelings tell them to do.

3. Sometimes you feel sorry, and the little muscles pull your faces into a very doleful expression, and we know, by looking at you, just how you feel. Again, you feel pleased or merry, and then the little muscles make your faces all smiles and dimples.

4. But often there are wicked passions at work at these strings. Anger pulls, and oh, what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a minute!

5. Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, and each brings its own expression over the face. The worst of it is, when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before, but the muscles harden, and the face retains that ugly look.

6. By indulging in evil passions, people may work

their faces up into such awful faces, that sometimes, when you meet a man in the street, you can tell, just by looking at his face, what his character is.

7. A face, which was very lovely when it was that of a child, may have had the passion of anger pulling at it so often, that it always wears a cross, sullen, dissatisfied look.

8. Or, if a man has learned to love money for its own sake, and to hoard it up, his face gets a mean, selfish look, and we say, when we pass him, "There goes a miser." Or, if he has learned to lie and steal, he cannot make his face look like the face of a truthful, honest man.

9. Now, dear children, if you want to have pleasant faces, which everybody will love to look at, be careful not to let the ugly passions get hold of the strings. Put them into the hands of love, and charity, and goodwill, and truth, and honesty, and then they will be beautiful faces, and sweeter to look at than the most perfect features that ever were formed.



En'-vy—a feeling of discontent and dislike at another's success, or at another's supposed superiority.

Van'-i-ty—pride, having too high an opinion of ourselves.

In-dulg'-ing—yielding to, giving way to.

Ex-press'-ions—the changes which take place in the form of the face, showing different feelings.



LESSON XIV.

rib'-bons	mag'-i-cal	tol'-er-a-bly	ac-cept'-a-ble.
sev'-ered	fla'-voured	o-rig'-in-al	mag-nif'-i-cence

THE BANANA TREE.

1. The plants and trees of the tropics attain a luxuriance and a magnificence unknown in our temperate climes. But Nature in the gift of the banana seems to outvie even herself. Perhaps no vegetable product in the world, that serves as a supply of food for man, requires so little trouble in its cultivation.

2. The banana is all the uncultivated Indian desires. It stands to him in the place of the flocks and herds, of the corn and the oil, of other nations. He has only to plant a few suckers of banana near his hut and wait the result. The result comes speedily. A juicy stem shoots up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. It is formed of nothing more than a succession of leaf-stalks rolled one over the other, and measures about two feet in diameter.

3. Two gigantic leaves issue from the top, ten feet long, and two feet broad. They are of a very delicate structure, so that the slightest wind tears them and splits them up into ribbons. The ribbon-like pieces hang down from the stalk, and continue to live as before they were severed. From the centre of the leaves a foot-stalk rises up, which is very stout and strong, and leans a little to one side. This stalk supports clusters of flowers protected by a spathe, and which will produce hundreds of fruit.

4. A cluster of ripe bananas will weigh from sixty to



THE BANANA TREE.

seventy pounds, and represents a considerable amount of food. The tree itself, with its splendid leaves and rich clusters, has attained perfection in about ten months. The Indian has had no trouble, save to keep the ground tolerably clear from weeds. Nature has done all the rest for him. It is true that when he gathers his magnificent cluster, the stalk that produces it will wither and die; but new shoots will speedily spring from the root, and unfold themselves with magical rapidity. Ere one harvest is consumed, another will be ready, and thus his supply is never exhausted.

5. He prepares the fruit in various ways to suit his taste. Sometimes it is boiled, or else roasted, or eaten raw, or ground into meal. There is no end to the resources it affords. In taste the banana resembles a ripe pear, and is sweet and highly flavoured, and acceptable in every form, not only to the Indian, but to the European. And as regards its wonderful productiveness, nothing can compare with it in nature. A space of ground that would only suffice to grow thirty-three pounds of wheat, would produce in a tropical soil four thousand pounds of bananas.

6. The whole plant is of the utmost service. The fibres of its long leaf-stalks are the material from which the beautiful and gossamer-like muslins of India are manufactured. And the coarser fibres of another species make a kind of hemp that is of the greatest use.

7. The original home of the banana is unknown, though there are many traditions concerning it. It grows wild in South America, and also on the mountains of India, called the Sikkim Hills. This stupendous chain is

in some parts clothed with forests, abounding in all the varied riches of the tropics. Here are the palms and the bamboo, and the pepper, and the vine. And, among the smaller trees, the wild banana is most abundant, and its lovely foliage contrasts with the darker hues of the plants amid which it nestles.

8. Higher up, in the range of these mighty hills, are the oaks and walnuts of temperate climes, and mighty rhododendrons, and tropical orchids, starting from the gnarled trunk of the oak, and underneath, geraniums bloom in all their brilliant beauty. Higher still, we come to the dark pine forests and the willow, and the birch, and so on, till we reach, at last, the bare lichen, scantily sprinkled here and there upon the rock.

Lux-u'-ri-ance—strong and vigorous growth.

Out-vie'—out-do, surpass.

Di-ã'-meter—distance through the middle.

"Gos'-sa-mer like"—made of extremely fine threads.

Gnarled—twisted and knotty.

Spathe—the fleshy or horny sheath which encloses the flowers before they expand.

Tra-di-tions—accounts handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth.



LESSON XV.

GOING HOME.

1. "Will you come with me, my pretty one?
I asked a little child;
"Will you come with me and gather flow'rs?"
She look'd at me and smiled;
Then, in a low, sweet, gentle tone,
She said, "I cannot come;
I must not leave this narrow path,
For I am going home."
2. "But will you not?" I asked again;
"The sun is shining bright,
And you might twine a lily wreath
To carry home at night:
And I could show you pleasant things
If you would only come."
But still she answer'd as before,
"No; I am going home."
3. "But look, my child; the fields are green,
And, 'neath the leafy trees,
Children are playing merrily,
Or resting at their ease.
Does it not hurt your tender feet
This stony path to tread?"
"Sometimes; but I am going home,"
Once more she sweetly said.

4. " My father bade me keep this path,
Nor ever turn aside ;
The road which leads away from him
Is very smooth and wide.
The fields are fresh, and cool, and green,
Pleasant the shady trees ;
But those around my own sweet home
Are lovelier far than these.
5. " I must not linger on the road,
For I have far to go,
And I should like to reach the door
Before the sun gets low.
I must not stay, but will you not,
Oh, will you not come too ?
My home is very beautiful,
And there is room for you."
6. I took her little hand in mine,
Together we went on ;
Brighter and brighter o'er our path
The blessed sunbeams shone.
At length we saw the distant towers ;
But ere we reached the gate,
The child outstripp'd my ling'ring feet,
Too overjoy'd to wait.
7. And as she turn'd her radiant face
Once more to bid me come,
I heard a chorus of glad songs,
A burst of welcome home !—*Cassell's Magazine.*

LESSON XVI.

prẽ'-cious	con-tempt'	civ'-il-ise	sub-tract'-ion'
weighed	be-lieved'	com'-pro-mise	a-voir-du-pois'

WEIGHTS.

1. I suppose that most of my young readers have learned their tables, and know that there are three kinds of weights used in this country.

2. Some things, such as gold and silver, and other precious articles, are weighed by Troy weight, which has only twelve ounces to the pound ; but most other things are weighed by what is called Avoirdupois weight, in which there are sixteen ounces to the pound.

3. The third weight is called Apothecaries' weight ; but it is only used by druggists and doctors for making up powders and other medicines, which we are obliged to take when we are ill.

4. Almost everybody knows something about Troy weight and Avoirdupois weight, but not many, perhaps, know why these weights are so called. I will tell you.

5. More than eight hundred years ago, the Normans, under William, Duke of Normandy, came over and conquered the whole of England. William became king, and the country was parcelled out among his Norman followers.

6. This King William and his Norman nobles looked down with contempt on our rude Saxon forefathers, and believed them to be little better than barbarians.

7. They wished, however, to civilise them, and for this purpose tried to spread their own Norman customs and manners, and even their language, everywhere.

8. But our forefathers were tough and obstinate, and would not yield, and generally gave as good as they got. The result was that in nearly everything there was a compromise, or a splitting of the difference.

9. This compromise is very easy to be seen, even at this day, in England. The days of the week have Saxon names, but the months of the year are Norman. The animals we eat are called by Saxon names whilst alive, but directly they are dead, and fit to be eaten, they get Norman names. Thus, bullock alive is beef when dead; sheep is mutton; calf is veal; pig is pork; and so on. This compromising spirit gave rise to the use of Avoirdupois weight; and it is owing to the brave toughness of spirit of our Saxon forefathers, that when you buy a pound of cake, or figs, or sweetmeats, you get sixteen ounces instead of twelve.

10. The Normans tried to have things sold in England by Troy weight. This weight was called after the town of Troyes, in France, where a great fair was held every year, which very many merchants used to attend.

11. But the English did not like Troy weight. Before the Normans came to England there used to be twenty ounces to the pound; and so, when Troy weight was introduced, the Englishman who went to buy a pound of anything, was much vexed at being offered only twelve ounces, even though the ounces might be larger. He would dispute with the shopkeeper, and say that he must have weight; that is, proper weight.

12. Well, the shopkeeper would refuse to give twenty ounces, and the customer would refuse to take twelve ounces, until at last, to end the dispute, they would agree to split the difference. Now, if you have learned subtraction, you know that twelve from twenty leaves eight. The half of eight is four, and the Norman would agree to give, and the Englishman would consent to take, four ounces more than Troy weight. These four ounces would make the pound to consist of sixteen ounces. .

13. Now, the Englishman gained these four ounces by saying that he would have weight. The Norman French for "to have weight" was *avoir du poids*, and so the pound of sixteen ounces got to be called the pound Avoirdupois.

14. Now you know why Troy weight is called by that name, and how the refusal of our forefathers to accept it gave a name to the other kind of weight.

LESSON XVII.

be-gin'-ning	pur-sued'	poss-ess-ed'	rail'-ler-y
con'-fid-ence	per-suade'	sur-passed'	per-se-vere'
chiv'-al-rous	feat'-ures	di-vis'-ions	bril'-li-ant

THE BATTLE OF POITIERS.

A. D. 1356.

1. We pass over ten years, and find the Black Prince on the field of Poitiers. Again we must ask—What

brought him there, and why was the battle fought? He was this time alone. His father, though the war had rolled on since the battle of Cressy, was in England. But, in other respects, the beginning of the fight was very like that of Cressy.

2. Gascony belonged to him by right, and from this he made a descent into the neighbouring provinces, and was on his return home, when the King of France—John, the son of Philip—pursued him, as his father had pursued Edward III., and overtook him suddenly, on the high upland fields, which extended for many miles south of the city of Poitiers.

3. It is the third great battle which has been fought in that neighbourhood. The first was that in which Clovis defeated the Goths; the second was that in which Charles Martel drove back the Saracens; the third was this—the most brilliant of English victories over the French.

4. The spot, which is about six miles south of Poitiers, is still known by the name of the "Battle-field." Its features are very slightly marked—two ridges of rising ground, parted by a gentle hollow. Behind the highest of these two ridges is a large tract of copse and underwood, and leading up to it from the hollow is a somewhat steep lane shut in by woods and vines on each side. It was on this ridge that the prince had taken up his position, and it was solely by the good use which he made of this position that the victory was won.

5. The French army was arranged on the other side of the hollow, in three great divisions, of which the king's was the hindmost. The farm-house which marks the spot

where this division was posted is visible from the walls of Poitiers.

6. It was on Monday, September the 19th, 1356, at 9 a.m., that the battle began. All the Sunday had been taken up by fruitless endeavours of Cardinal Talleyrand to save the bloodshed, by bringing the king and prince to terms, a fact to be noticed for two reasons:—first, because it shows the sincere and Christian desire which animated the clergy of those times—in the midst of all their faults—to promote peace and goodwill amongst the savage men with whom they lived; and, secondly, because the refusal of the French king and prince to be persuaded shows, on this occasion, the confidence of victory which had possessed them.

7. The prince offered to give up all the castles and prisoners he had taken, and to swear not to fight in France again for seven years. But the king would hear of nothing but his absolute surrender of himself and his army on the spot. The cardinal laboured till the very last moment, and then rode back to Poitiers, having equally offended both parties.

8. The story of the battle, if we remember the position of the armies, is told in a moment. The prince remained firm in his position; the French charged with their usual chivalrous ardour—charged up the lane. The English archers, whom the prince had stationed behind the hedges on each side, let fly their showers of arrows, as at Cressy. In an instant the lane was choked with the dead, and the first check of such headstrong confidence was fatal.

9. Here, as at Cressy, was exemplified the truth of the

remark of the mediæval historian, "We now no longer contest our battles as did the Greeks and Romans; the first stroke decides all." The prince in his turn charged; a general panic seized the whole French army; the first and second divisions fled in the wildest confusion; the third alone, where King John stood, made a gallant resistance; the king was taken prisoner; and by noon the whole was over.

10. Up to the gates of the town of Poitiers the French army fled and fell, and their dead bodies were buried by heaps within a convent, which still remains in the city. It was a wonderful day. It was 8,000 to 60,000.

11. The prince who had gained the battle was still only twenty-six—that is, a year younger than Napoleon at the beginning of his campaigns—and the battle was distinguished from all others by the number, not of the slain, but of the prisoners, one Englishman often taking four or five Frenchmen.

12. The day of the battle, at night, the prince gave a supper in his lodgings to the French king, and to most of the great lords that were prisoners. The prince caused the king and his son to sit at one table, and other lords, knights, and squires at the others; and the prince always served the king very humbly, and would not sit at the king's table, although he requested him. He said he was not qualified to sit at the table with so great a prince as the king was.

13. Then he said to the king, "Sir, for God's sake make no bad cheer, though your will was not accomplished this day; for, sir, the king, my father, will certainly bestow

upon you as much honour and friendship as he can, and will agree with you so reasonably, that you will ever after be friends. And, sir, I think you ought to rejoice, though the battle be not as you will, for you have this day gained the high honour of prowess, and have surpassed all others on your side in valour. Sir, I say not this in raillery, for all our party, who saw every man's deeds, agree in this, and give you the palm and chaplet."

14. Therewith the Frenchmen whispered among themselves that the prince had spoken nobly, and that most probably he would prove a great hero, if God preserved his life to persevere in such good fortune.

Dean Stanley.

Goths—an ancient but powerful tribe which inhabited Scandinavia.

Sar'-a-cens—inhabitants of Arabia, Arabs.

Ab'-so-lute—entire, without condition.

Sur-ren'-der—yielding, or giving up.

An-i-māt-ed—prompted, inspirited.

Ex-em-pli-fied—shown.

Me-di-æ'-val—relating to the middle ages.

Pan'-ic—sudden fright, fear.

Cam'-paign—the time during which an army keeps the field.

Prow'-ess—valour, bravery.

Palm—branches of the palm-tree were formerly worn in token of victory, hence the word has come to imply superiority or triumph.

Chap'-let—a wreath or garland worn on the head in token of victory.



LESSON XVIII.

haw'-thorn draught whisp'-ered kneel'-ing



THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

1. Drip, drip, came down the water cool,
From a crevice 'mid hawthorn pink ;
Drip, drip, it fell in the little pool,
Where a child bent down to drink.
He lifted up his fair, fresh face,
And whispered as a sort of grace,
" You pretty pool, low at my feet,
I thank you for your waters sweet."

2. Rippled the pool in tender tones—
 “Nay, thank me not, my dear,” it said;
 “I am but just a little pool,
 By mountain springlet fed,
 That fills me, so I good may do—
 Cheer thirsty birds, or boys like you.”
 “Then I the springlet and the pool
 Alike must thank for waters cool.”
3. “Nay,” whispered then the falling drops,
 “ The springlet’s fed by dew and rain ;
 That we, alone, no good could do,
 My darling child, ’tis plain.”
 “Then thank you all—pool, stream, and shower—
 That kindly help boy, bird, and flower.”
 And then he would have turned away,
 But that he heard the driplets say—
4. “Stop, child ! for all in vain we work
 To stay your thirst, my dear,
 Did not the sun, so warm and bright,
 Send heat and radiance clear.
 You owe it to his kindly face,
 That we drip cool in this hot place.”
 “Then,” said the child, “my thanks are due
 To the great sun, as well as you.”
5. The sun beamed down from mountain-top,
 Gilding each lily-flower ;
 “Not mine to fill this rippling pool,
 They overrate my power.

The pleasant draught the mosses keep
 I caught up from the ocean deep :
 The rolling ocean, fair and free,
 Deserves thy praise far more than me."

6. Then, as the child began to thank
 The shining deep, blue waves,
 "Nay, nay ; we do but work His will,
 Whom all the world obeys.
 Look up ! look up ! above us all
 He dwells, that filled the pool so small,
 Who made sea, land, all, by His nod.
 Would'st know His name ? 'tis Father—God !"

7. The child, still kneeling, raised his eyes
 To where the sky, so blue,
 Looked down upon the dripping pool,
 Reflecting back its hue.
 He softly clasped his dimpled hands,
 And cried, "Pool, spring, and sun, and sea,
 I thank you ; but our Father kind,
 Who made them all, I worship Thee !"

Spring'-let —a little spring ; <i>let</i> signifies little.		Ra'-di-ance —rays of light. Re-flect'-ing —throwing back.
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LESSON XIX.

po-lite'-ness in'-ter-course pre'-vi-ous-ly ver-mil'-ion
 pe-cu'-li-ar ap-pear'-ance af-fect'-ion-ate ad-di'-tion-al



THE MOOR-HEN.

1. The moor-hen is one of the commonest English birds which frequent the water. It is found over the whole of Europe, and a considerable portion of Asia.

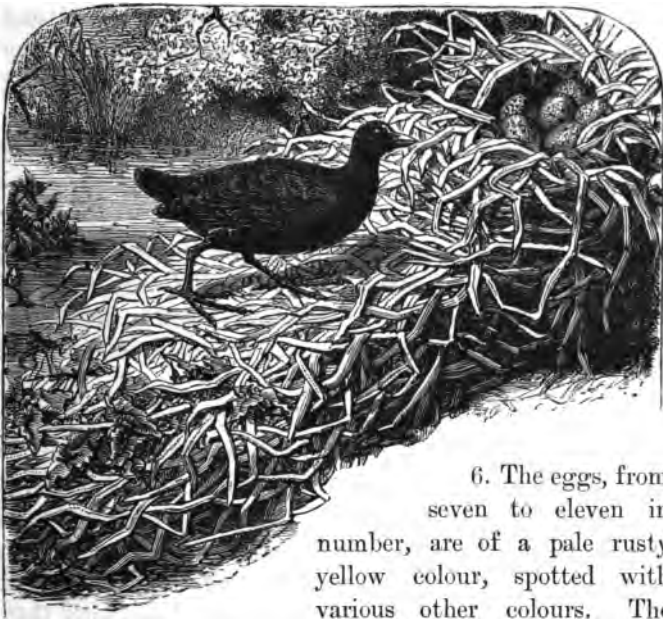
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2. Notwithstanding the plainness of its attire, it is a very beautiful bird. The plumage of the back is dark olive-brown, elsewhere it is dark slate-grey. The thighs are spotted with white. The colour of the eye is peculiar; immediately around the pupil there is a circle of yellow, to which succeeds a second of green, while a third exterior ring is red. The beak towards the base is vermilion-red; towards the apex, yellow. The foot is greenish yellow.

3. The moor-hen is a water or marsh hen, and makes its home among the rushes, reeds, sedges and coarse grasses which grow by the side of lakes and ponds, and even rivers if they are not rapid. It loves dabbling in such places, but occasionally comes on dry land to obtain a little rest, either on a tuft of weeds, or on the bough of a tree. Sometimes it may be seen drifting on a piece of floating wood.

4. The moor-hen dives with extraordinary rapidity. On the slightest appearance of danger, it plunges beneath the surface, and uses both wings and feet to row itself along. Should it be forced to come to the surface to breathe, the beak only is protruded, and that under the protecting shelter of a tuft of herbage.

5. The nest is usually placed among the reeds on the ground, sometimes on the bank at the edge of the pool, occasionally among the roots of trees or long grass, or on branches overhanging the river when there is danger of the water rising and overwhelming the nest. It is made of leaves of various kinds, both dry and fresh, and when constructed looks like a coarsely-made basket of leaves.



6. The eggs, from seven to eleven in number, are of a pale rusty yellow colour, spotted with various other colours. The

young remain in the nest only about twenty-four hours after their escape from the egg, at the end of which time they are introduced by their mother to their new element, the water.

7. The family now begins to be a very interesting spectacle; the young birds swim about, closely following the movements of the old birds, all of them eagerly watching for worms or insects which their affectionate caterers pick up for them. As soon as they see one caught, all rush forward to obtain the coveted morsel.

8. After a few days, however, they learn how to obtain

their own food ; but they are still carefully watched and protected from danger. At the slightest warning they vanish ; indeed, it is wonderful to see the quickness of their movements.

9. In about a fortnight they are able to shift for themselves, and their elders begin to make preparations for another brood.

10. After the lapse of a few weeks the second brood makes its appearance upon the water, and the scene we have just described is enacted over again, but with additional circumstances, that make it still more interesting.

11. By the time the birds of the second family show themselves, those of the first brood are half grown, and might be supposed to trouble themselves very little about the additional members to the family. Such, however, is by no means the case ; small and great, old and young, seem to meet each other in the most affectionate manner. The half-grown birds at once begin to share with their parents the labour of providing for these new brothers and sisters, to whom they bring food in their beaks, and watch over them with the greatest care, just as their parents had done for them a few weeks previously.

12. Though so timid, and so easily startled and alarmed, the moor-hen is easily tamed by kindness. I have read a curious story of a pair of moor-hens who were several seasons observed in a moat near a house in Staffordshire.

13. They always flew away every spring, but all that could be done to make them feel happy and at home was done, and at last, one year, a thorn-bush covered with

ivy having fallen into the water, they actually made their nest there, and did not fly away at all, but busied themselves comfortably in hatching their eggs instead.

14. You can imagine the pleasure of the lady of the house, who had always been kind to them, and fed them by throwing things to them on the water, when a few days after the young birds were hatched, the old couple brought them all across the lawn up to the drawing-room window where she was standing, and introduced them to her with the greatest politeness. She immediately got some wheat, and fed them, and every day afterwards the old birds brought the young ones up to the window to be fed.

15. Year after year this pleasant intercourse continued, till there was quite a colony of moor-hens established in the moat, and making their daily visits to the drawing-room window. One bird in particular attached himself so much to the lady, and had so much confidence in her, that if worried or put upon by any other bird, it always flew to her for protection. The whole flock made friends with everything about the place; even the dogs they were intimate and happy with, though if a strange dog appeared they scudded off in alarm.



Pu'-pil—the circular opening in front of the eye, through which the rays of light pass.

A'-pex—point, top.

Pro-trūd'-ed—put out, thrust out.

Ca'-ter-ers—those who provide food.

Spec'-ta-cle—sight.

Van'-ish—to disappear, to go out of sight.

En-act'-ed—done, performed.

Moat—a deep ditch or trench.

Con'-fid-ence—trustfulness, reliance.

LESSON XX.

BANNOCKBURN.

1. At Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they were na' far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the East.
2. But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed :
3. " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie !
4. " Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lower !
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !
5. " Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !
6. " Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

7. "By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

8. "Lay the proud usurper low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !"

Burns.

Glint'-ed—peeped.

Ser'-vile—like a servant or slave.

U-surp'-er—one who occupies the power or property of another without right.

Heath—(verse 2) a contraction of

heather, and is pronounced as *hæth* in Scotland.

Die—(verse 8) pronounced as *dee*.

(Na=no; o'=of; wi'=with; saul=soul; wha=who; hae=have; wham=whom; sae=so; fa'=fall.)

LESSON XXI.

wool'-ly	a-bun'-dance	re-sem'-blance	gath'-er-ers
be-stowed'	di-vid'-ed	con'-sequence	suf-fi'-cient

THE COTTON PLANT.

1. Although cotton was not generally known among the nations of the earth until a much later period than the other substances used for clothing, such as flax, wool, etc., it is now raised in such abundance as to afford the cheapest material for this purpose. From its resemblance to sheep's wool, it was called by the ancients the "wool of trees";

and the term *cotton wool* is still often employed. The Germans call it *tree wool*.

2. The many varieties of the cotton plant have been divided into *herb cotton*, *shrub cotton*, and *tree cotton*, according to the mode of growth. Of these, the most useful is the herb cotton, which is extensively cultivated in the southern parts of the United States, in India, China, and other warm countries.

3. The most esteemed variety of the herb cotton is that known by the name of *sea-island cotton*, which is of *long staple*, its fibre being much longer than that of any other description, and of a fine, silky texture. It is an annual plant, and derives its name from the circumstance of its being cultivated with great success in the low sandy islands which lie along the coast of South Carolina.

4. In the Southern States it grows to the height of from four to six feet. Its leaves are of a dark green colour. The blossom expands into a pale yellow flower, which falling off, a pointed, triangular pod appears. This gradually increases to the size of a walnut, and becomes brown as the woolly fruit ripens. The expansion of the wool then causes the pod to burst, when there appears a ball of snowy white or yellowish down adhering to the seeds.

5. The appearance of a cotton-field while the pods are progressively opening is highly interesting, the fine, dark green of the leaf contrasting beautifully with the brilliant white of the cotton suspended from the pods, and floating to and fro at the bidding of the wind.

6. Shrub cotton grows in most countries where the annual herb cotton is found. In the West Indies, its

duration is about two or three years ; in India, Egypt, and some other places, it lasts from six to ten years. In the hottest countries it is perennial, and furnishes two crops a year. In cooler climates it is annual. In appearance it is much like a currant bush. Tree cotton grows in India, China, Egypt, and in the interior and on the western coast of Africa, and in some parts of America. It attains a height of from twelve to twenty feet.

7. Great care is bestowed, in the Southern States, upon the cultivation of the cotton plant. The ground is thrown up by the plough into beds five or six feet apart ; and in these the seed is sown, in March, April, or May, according to the season. When the plants are four or five inches high, the weakest are pulled up, and the remainder left to grow in single stalks fifteen or twenty inches apart.

8. Good cotton cannot be produced without constant care and attention up to the time of flowering. In India the mode of cultivation is very slovenly, and little or no care is bestowed on the plant ; the consequence of which is, that the product is greatly inferior to that of the United States.

9. The operation of gathering the cotton requires much care. The gatherers, consisting chiefly of women and young people, go into the fields with baskets or bags suspended from their shoulders for the reception of such portions of the wool as they find sufficiently ripe. The usual method is to take away the seeds and cotton, leaving the empty husks.

10. The gathering is always performed in fine weather, after the morning dew has disappeared, as any moisture

would make the cotton mouldy, and cause the oil of the seed to spread over the wool. The cotton is more completely dried by exposure during several days to the heat of the sun, or of stoves on a platform of tiles or wood, whereby the seeds are afterwards more easily separated.

11. As the cotton does not all ripen at the same time, the gatherers have to go over the same plantation many times. If it is not gathered soon after the pods have burst, the heat of the sun injures its colour, or it may be blown away by the wind, or spoiled by the rain or dew.

12. The progress of the cotton manufacture in England and the United States is one of the marvels of the age; and the vast amount of capital and labour now employed in it leads us naturally to rank the cotton plant among the most valuable and important vegetable substances with which the earth is so bountifully furnished by the beneficent Creator.

Pro-gress'-ive-ly — a few at a time, in succession.

Sus-pend'-ed—hung.

An'-nu-al—yearly.

Per-en'-ni-al—lasting from year to year.

Boun'-ti-ful-ly — plentifully, abundantly.

Be-nē'-fic-ent—good, kind.

Sta'-ple—the thread of wool, cotton, or flax.



LESSON XXII.

re'-al-ise	yes'-ter-day	hur'-ry-ing	cir'-cum-stance
re-solved'	vi'-o-lent-ly	wel'-comed	rě-col-lect'-ion

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

1. It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and, as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realise that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she had so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

2. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was yet in my ear.

3. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

4. My mother had been ill a long time, and I became

so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice that I was not frightened at them as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when day after day I returned from school and found her the same, I began to believe that she would always be spared to me. But they told me she would die.

5. One day, when I had lost my place in the class, I came home fretful and discouraged. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return.

6. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go down-stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach which I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

7. I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly and left the room. After playing about a short time I went to bed without bidding my mother good-night.

8. But, when alone in my room, in darkness and in silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgive-

ness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

9. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more, never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I even wished that I might die, and be buried with her.

10. And old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me that she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindnesses, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

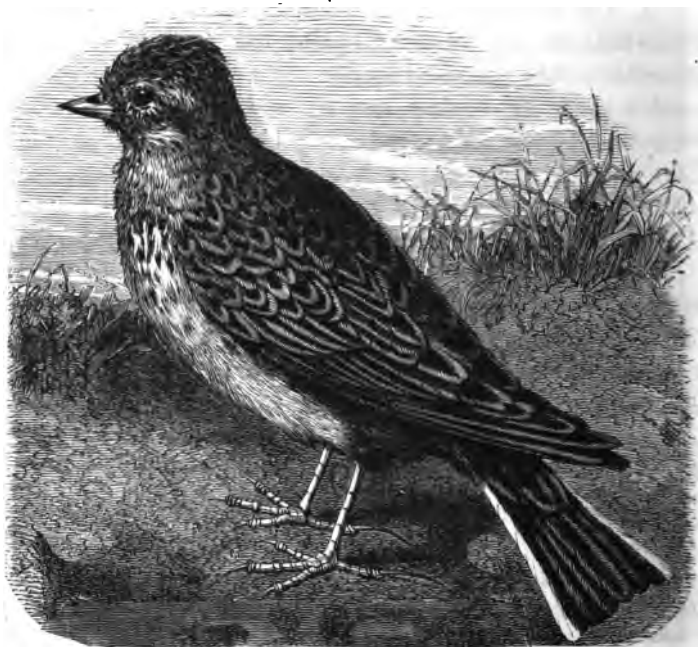
Effaced'—blotted out, destroyed.
Do-mes'tic—a servant living in a house.

Re-proach'—blame, censure.
In-grat-i-tude—not returning kindness for kindness.



LESSON XXIII.

con-ceive'	sin'-gu-lar	spec'-ta-cles	re-mark'-a-ble
ceil'-ing	ě'-le-gance	a-mūs'-ing	lan'-guish-ed
dil'-i-gent	ō-per-a'-tion	că'-rol-ling	ac-quaint'-ance



ANECDOTES OF A SKYLARK.

1. The skylark, which pours forth its animated song while floating high in the air, is an inhabitant of most parts of Europe, Asia, and North Africa. A lady, belong-

ing to a family in the south-east of Ireland, has recorded some very interesting anecdotes of a pet skylark, to which the name of "Tommy" had been given.

2. This little bird was so tame, that when the family were assembled at breakfast, he would fly upon the table, and walk round, picking up crumbs; and sometimes he would hop up on a loaf, and actually allow a slice to be cut under his feet. It was curious to see him watching the operation of threading a needle. When the thread was put ever so little into the eye, he would seize the end of it, and dexterously pull it through.

3. Sometimes, when one of the three young ladies of the family had fastened her thread to her work, and continued sewing, he would make a sudden plunge at the thread, and pull it out of the needle, then fly out of reach, and chuckle over the mischief. Sometimes he would hop on an open work-box, and, seizing the end of a cotton thread, would fly with it to the other side of the apartment, unwinding yard upon yard from the revolving reel.

4. The second of the young ladies to whom we allude was remarkable for the elegance and neatness with which her hair was always braided. This did not escape Tommy's observation, and he frequently made an attack upon it. He would take the end of a ringlet in his bill, and, fluttering before her face, would leave it in the most admired disorder. He would then again chuckle, as we have heard a magpie do after any act of mischief.

5. There was a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, who, in his repeated visits, had made the acquaintance of Tommy. Whenever he made a morning call, he

would say, "Ha! Tommy! good-morning to you. Are you ready for a game at shuttlecock?" The little creature would instantly fly to his extended hand, and suffer itself to be thrown into the air, like that toy, and fall again into his hand; and so the game would continue for several minutes, until at length Tommy would fly to the ceiling, singing that splendid melody which, in his natural state, the lark pours forth as he ascends above the clouds.

6. Another game which Tommy perfectly understood was "hide-and-go-seek;" and for this he preferred as his companion the second of the three sisters. She would say, "Now, Tommy, I'm going to hide;" and then, drawing the room door open, she would place herself behind it, and cry, "Whoop!" Tommy would immediately commence strutting up and down the floor, and stretching out his neck, would peer under this, and behind that, as if he were seeking for her. At length, coming opposite to where she stood, he would give a loud scream, and fly up to attack her hair.

7. When this was over, and he had again become quiet, she would say, "Now, Tommy, it is *your* turn to hide." Immediately the bird would stand still under a table, and she would commence a diligent search, exclaiming, "Where is Tommy? Did any one see Tommy?" In the meantime he would never give, by sound or movement, the least indication that he was in the room; but the moment she thought proper to find him he would again scream, and fly up to her.

8. The mistress of the house, a little advanced in life, wore spectacles, which he would frequently pull off, in his

flights, and immediately let fall, as they were too heavy for him to carry; and after every feat of this kind he would chuckle at his success. In the long days of summer, when the dinner things were removed, and the dessert was brought on, it was his practice to come upon the table, and, going round it, he would do something amusing to each person.

9. He would bite the fingers of the master of the house, and give an exulting chuckle when the latter affected to be hurt. At another gentleman's knuckles he would strike like a game-cock, and pretend to be in a wonderful passion. Then he would take a sudden flight at a lady's cap, and, catching the end of a ribbon, would gracefully flutter before her face, carolling a snatch of a song; and again he would visit his fair friend with the beautiful hair, and, plucking out her combs, would speedily demolish her glossy curls.

10. There remains one trait of sagacity, which those who recollect the entertaining little creature would scarcely pardon us if we omitted. The youngest of the three ladies was accustomed each night, before she retired, to take her candle over to Tommy's cage, to bid him good-night. He would instantly bring out his head from under his wing, and standing up, sing one of the most beautiful little songs you could conceive it possible for a little throat like his to warble—a song, too, that he never gave forth on any other occasion.

11. If she attempted to go out of the room without thus coming to bid him good-night, although his head was under his wing, and you thought him asleep, he would

instantly scream out to put her in mind. To this may be added the singular fact that he would not sing the same song for any one else who might take a candle to his cage, though he would respond by a chirp to his good-night.

12. What the usual duration of a lark's age is we cannot say. Tommy himself lived a happy life for thirteen years. At length he grew ill; and care and skill were expended on him in vain. He was wrapped in cotton, and placed near the genial warmth of a moderate fire; yet still he languished. His young friend, for whom he used to sing his sweet good-night, approached him with her candle. He lifted his little head, and, as the dying swan is said to sing, he attempted to warble for her a last farewell. She burst into tears, and retired. In the morning Tommy was dead.

Re-cord'-ed—written down, as in a book.

Dex'-ter-ous-ly—cleverly, skillfully.

Ob-serv-a'-tion—notice.

Fre'-quent-ly—often.

In'-ti-mate—close, particular.

An'-ec-dotes—short interesting stories.

In-di-ca'-tion—sign, token.

Des-sert'—a service of fruit, &c., after a meal.

De-mol'-ish—to pull to pieces, to throw down.

Sa-gac'-i-ty—acuteness, cleverness.

Ge'-ni-al—pleasant, cheerful.



LESSON XXIV.

THE SKYLARK.

1. Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

2. Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud ;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

4. Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee ! *James Hogg.*

LESSON XXV.

dyes	weav'-er	sheared	pa'-tience
wield	sci'-ence	tea'-zles	sleeve'-board
wrought	wov'-en	drudg'-ing	ne-cis'-si-ties

THE HISTORY OF A COAT.

1. First of all the fleece. But before a single sheep can be sheared, the instrument to sever the fleece must be wrought from glowing iron on the steady anvil; and before the blacksmith can wield his hammer, the hammer and the anvil must be made for him; and before either can be made, the material—the iron—must be found and fashioned.

2. And now the gentle bleaters having yielded their yearly tribute, the fleece is handed over to the manufacturer, and is scoured and dried, and washed, and beaten, and oiled, and combed, and stiffened a little, and spun, before it is ready for the weaver's hand. Then comes in the aid of the smith, and carpenter, and engineer, and builder, to erect the manufactory. All kinds of workers depending each on the other; architect and engineer working with their heads, and a host of labourers and skilled artisans working with hands, all looking for help to the bronzed and sturdy woodman felling the timber, and to the glowing labourer smelting the ore.

3. The wool, once woven into cloth, must be washed several times with soap and water. So the soap-maker is here called in, and the sheep's wool cleaned with sheep's

tallow ; after which we ask the aid of the chemist ; the chemist duly instructs the dyer, and the dyer dyes the cloth. The most profound researches of modern chemistry are practically worked out in the dyers' vats.

4. In the meantime, while all departments of industry and science are literally crossing and re-crossing each other, many cultivators in clay lands grow crops of teazles for raising the nap on the cloth, 1,500 or 2,000 heads of teazle being required for one piece of cloth. In France also, and the Low Countries, crops of teazles are grown for us, should our own harvest fail.

5. And now, having proceeded so far with our cloth, we look to the cutler for a pair of shears to cut our coat according to our cloth, and the cutler has to fall back again upon the smith. Shears in hand, we go to work—snip, snap—and then cry out for needle and thread.

6. A needle ! To manufacture our needle we call in the aid of eighty people, or thereabout.

7. And then we require cotton. Leaving all other processes, we have to seek it far away in Georgia or Alabama, where men of another race and another colour are busy in its cultivation. And then silk, to sew with ; and to find it we go to India or China—not to seek it at the first from man's labour, but the labour of a worm. And needing wax to rub upon our thread, we go, at first, not to man's ingenuity, but to the wisdom and industry of insect life.

8. Give us a thimble to guard our fingers as we thrust in and out our busy needle. Give us the heavy iron goose to press down our seams.

9. How shall we heat our iron but with coals? So the miner descends into the very bowels of the earth, like a drudging goblin, to earn his scanty pay and bring up the mineral treasure we require.

10. Give us a sleeve-board and a bench; and the carpenter calls for wood, and the labourer strikes home upon the sturdy tree, and sees the monarch of the forest fall.

11. Intertwined and interwoven are all the trades and all the arts and sciences before the commonest coat that ever yet was made by a tailor can be turned out and put upon the back of the poorest labourer.

12. Men of all kindreds, and colours, and faiths work together; men of all attainments, tastes, and faculties unite; all the countries of the world contribute of their produce, and the sea carries the laden argosy, and the depths of the earth give forth their wealth, to supply our necessities and add to our comfort and convenience.



Arch'i-tect—one who designs or plans buildings.

En-gin-eer—one who designs, constructs, or manages an engine.

Art'i-san—a mechanic, a skilled workman.

Pro-found'—deep.

Re-search'-es—inquiries, examinations.

Ex-em'-plar—pattern, copy, or example.

In-gen-u'-i-ty, skill, cleverness.

Gob'-lin—a supposed spirit living underground.

Fă'-cult-ies—skill, abilities, powers of the mind.

Ar'-go-sy—ship.

LESSON XXVI.

cry'-stal	haught'-y	ar-rang'-ing	un-ceas'-ing-ly
bod'-ice	heav'-ing	sen'-si-tive	un-change'-a-ble

THE STORIES OF THE STREAMS

(AS TOLD BY THEMSELVES).

1. "Do you know where I come from?" said the *Meadow stream*. "I come clearly out over some stone or little mound—a small but bright spring, with a joyous laugh, cheeks as fair as crystal, and the sparkle of health in my eye; and then I grow larger and larger, so that the short grassy dress I first wore is no longer sufficient—however tall, for love of me, it tries to make itself.

2. "Then I put on a short bodice of rushes, with loose, flowing feathers, and away I wander 'through meadows green;' and many a merry schoolboy is happy—oh, how happy!—to ramble with me."

3. Then the *Mountain stream* began, "and this is the tale she told. "Do you see the snow, lying away up there on the mountain heights? It is the everlasting cap that rests on their bald heads, to keep them warm—dyed only by the rising and setting sun, and adorned by the clouds, as they pass and repass, with veils of unrivalled beauty.

4. "But although seemingly cold, and cheerless, and unchangeable, gay life reigns within. There are little springs bubbling through the clefts, and drops of water playing eternal hide-and-seek up there in the mountain gorges. The all-powerful sun kisses the mountain-tops, and their ice-cold heart is melted by his eternal love.

5. "The fountains up on the mountain heights are the children of these kisses of the sun; and there they play at hide-and-seek till their home is too narrow for them, and then they desire to wander abroad.

6. "But when they first catch a glimpse of the far world lying beneath them, they are frightened, and overcome, and do not receive courage to go on till they are joined by other curious little streams; and then they proceed—first slowly and cautiously, afterward faster and faster, till at length *I*, a bright mountain stream, burst forth, springing from rock to rock like the wild goat, whose mountain home is likewise close by.

7. "Sometimes I foam on high, like the snow of the mountain; sometimes I flow, shining clearly, an unbroken mirror, like the ice of the glaciers; and then, descending into the valley, I quietly repose in the midst of nature's calm beauty, as you now see me."

8. "I am a child of the Ocean," said the *Wood stream*. "We streams are all children of the same parent, whether all know it or not, and whether we are first seen sparkling in some lone forest dell, or shining, like crystal, on some mountain-top. The mighty ocean is the mother of us all. I can tell you more of our childhood than my sisters have told you.

9. "But how came we here, do you ask? A little fairy, that sat on a shining cloud arranging her ornaments, saw us, and stole us away from our mother's arms. Up, up she carried us, almost to the stars, before she let us go; and we were so little, and so light, that we floated away on the air, and were borne about on the wings of the wind.



THE MEADOW STREAM

10. "My sisters of the mountain, cold and haughty, flew gently down to earth, and rested a long time on the mountain-top; but when the sun kissed them, they were melted by his love. My more gentle sisters of the meadow and the plain came down with me in the falling dews and gentle rain: *they* alighted in the meadows, and *I* in the more distant woodland. And now, if you would know who I am, I am the *tear of the forest*; and, like the tear of man, I spring from the heart—the hidden heart of the forest.

11. "In the summer, when so many children of the plain are destroyed, I flow gently, but unceasingly. In the autumn, when everything says farewell, I weep in silent sorrow over the blossoms and leaves which fall in my way. In the wild solitude of winter I am benumbed, and the tear becomes a pearl, like the closed grief of our mother the Ocean, when she dwells under arctic skies. Then I hang with faint lustre on stones and roots, which look like weeping eyes.

12. "In the spring, when desire rises in every breast, the tear of the forest flows in pensive joy. I stretch beyond the borders of my course, greeting flowers and grass as far as I can. Then the heaving rush presses itself nearer and nearer to me; the sensitive forget-me-not glances at me, as you have seen blue eyes at parting; and the weeping willow hangs her branches down to my eternally murmuring waves.

13. "Even the stone which stops my course—the hard-hearted stone, over which time passes unmarked—weeps over me transparent tears; and my kisses are the only

things to which he does not oppose himself. But we all—my sisters and myself—seek our old home in the mighty deep. Thither we bend forward with longing arms; and in tears of joy we shall all rest again upon our mother's bosom."

A-dorned' — clothed and beautified.

Un-ri'-valled—having no equal.

Gorg'-es — narrow passages between mountains.

Glimpse—sight, view.

Trans'-par-ent — that may be seen through.

Gla'-ciers—vast fields of ice which collect in very high valleys, and form rivers of ice.

Dell—a little dale, or valley.

Sol'-i-tude—loneliness, quiet.

Be-numbed'—chilled by the cold.

Lus'-tre—brightness.

Pen'-sive—thoughtful and sad.

LESSON XXVII.

breach
re-ceive'

beg'-gars
yawn'-ing

slug'-gard
ac-cused'

ex-ceed'-ing
dis-a'-bled

LAME AND LAZY.

A FABLE.

1. Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other sat rubbing his red eyes, and staring in the gutter.

2. Lame called on Charity, who was standing at her door, and humbly asked for a crust. Instead of this he received a loaf.

3. Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What!

ask for a crust and receive a loaf! Well, I will ask the old lady for a loaf, perhaps I shall get a cake."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and loudly called for a loaf of bread.

4. "Your demanding a loaf," said Dame Charity, "proves that you are of that class and character who *ask* and *receive not*; so be off directly, and get some work to do."

5. Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill-treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

6. Charity pointed to a painting in her room, which represented three beautiful figures—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey, which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

7. "Don't understand it," said Lazy, yawning and stretching his arms. Charity replied, "It means, that Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy."


8. Lazy gathered up his rags, and turned to go shambling off. "Stop," said Charity, "instead of coin I will give you counsel. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.'"



LESSON XXVIII.

frag'-rant sigh'-ing woo'-ing

WAITING FOR THE MAY.



1. Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting
 Waiting for the May.

2. Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study
To the fair young face and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

3. Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning
When the summer-beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
 All the winter lay.
Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

4. Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,
 Where in laughing and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.
5. Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May.
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away.
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May.

LESSON XXIX.

ex-ist'-ence sus'-ten-ance re'-gion Eu-ro-pe'-an

THE DATE PALM.

1. The praises of the date palm have been sung in every age and clime. Its well-known fruit, called the date, affords sustenance to the dwellers on the borders of the great African desert; it is as necessary to them as the camel, and they may be said to owe their existence in many cases to the date alone.

2. The tree itself rears its column-like stem to the height of ninety feet. Its crown consists of about fifty leaves, nearly twelve feet long, and fringed at the edges like a feather.

3. In the month of April the date palms begin to put forth their blossoms. Between the leaf and the stem there issue several horny sheaths, out of which spring clusters of flower-stalks that bear small white flowers. The flowers are followed by berries with a thin red skin and a solid pulp. They form dense bunches, which hang down several feet long, and shine in the sun. The dates are ripe in October, and some trees produce as many as twenty bunches, but the rule is from eight to ten; and each bunch weighs from twelve to twenty pounds.

4. The date harvest is expected with as much anxiety in the oasis as the vintage is in the south of Europe, or the gathering in of the corn in England. If it were to fail, the Arabs would be in danger of a famine. The fruit is eaten fresh, without any preparation; it is a little too sweet for the taste of the European, but the Arabs eat it with relish. A great quantity of the dates are dried, and made into a paste, to serve as a supply of food until the fresh fruit comes again. A further quantity is exported.

5. The wealth of an oasis is estimated by the number of date trees found growing upon it; and the chief occupation of the inhabitants is the cultivation of the date tree. The trees are thirty years before they arrive at maturity. and they continue to bear fruit until they have reached the age of a hundred.

6. The blessings of the date palm are without limit



THE DATE PALM.

to the Arabs. Its leaves give a refreshing shade in a region where the rays of the sun are almost insupportable. Men, and also camels, feed upon the fruit, and a sweet liquor is obtained from the trunk by making an incision. It is called the milk of the palm tree, and by fermentation it becomes wine.

7. The wood of the tree is used for fuel, and as a material for building the native huts; and ropes, mats, baskets, beds, and all kinds of articles are manufactured from the fibre of the leaves. The Arab cannot imagine how a nation can exist without this tree; and he regards it as the greatest injury he can inflict upon his enemy to cut down his date trees.

Sheath—a covering.

O-a-sis—a fertile spot in a desert, occurring around springs.

Vin'tage—the yearly crop of grapes.

Ma-tur'-ity—perfection, full-grown.

In-cis'-ion—cut.

Fer-ment-a'-tion—a process by which the sugar dissolved in a juice or liquid is changed to alcoholic spirit.

Es'-tim-at-ed—judged, calculated.

LESSON XXX.

GOOD WORK FOR ALL.

1. "Puff and nonsense," exclaimed the wind; "I'm as strong again as you are!"

"I'd just like you to prove that," said the rain.

"Prove it! Why I could do that very soon. I can

blow chimneys off houses, send steeples flying off churches, wreck vessels, and do lots of other things; and just catch me on a sandy desert, and see how strong I am then!"

"It's all very well to boast like that, but let me see for myself, then I will believe you."

2. So the wind commenced whistling and howling, blowing the dust along the dry roads, so that it almost blinded the people. The women drew their shawls closer round them; men held their hats on; leaves flew about in the air like little birds; chimneys and steeples were blown down; and vessels were tossed about and wrecked.

3. "Do you mean to say that you could do that?"

"No, I don't mean to say anything of the sort, because my strength is of quite a different kind; but I daresay I could do as much in a different way. Why, even the people don't care for you, for they come out just as if nothing at all was happening; while if I only just begin, they hurry indoors, and take good care to remain there until I have disappeared."

4. "Well, I should just like to see a little of your mighty strength now, and we will compare notes afterwards, and then determine which of us is the stronger."

Then the rain began to fall, first slowly, in little drops, which seemed to disturb no one, then faster, when ladies raised their umbrellas, and put on their waterproofs; faster and faster, until there was a very heavy shower. Drivers stopped to put on their cloaks, and some, if waiting, covered up their horses; but, when all was arranged, they seemed to walk on tolerably comfortable, defying the weather.

5. "Well, I don't think much of that!" cried the wind. "Why, people have only got to put on a few things, and they can keep you off them as easily as possible. You see that schoolboy walking along with his umbrella so coolly, you'll find that I'll soon disturb him a little; I'll just give a good blow, and then you'll see which of us he cares for most."

6. So it blew. At first the boy battled against the wind, carrying the umbrella as well as he could with both hands, but he soon put it down, and allowed the rain to soak his clothes.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Rain?"

"Well, I know that you'll never acknowledge being beaten, so I won't try again. Anyhow, I am a great deal more useful than you are; why, if it wasn't for me what would the country people do for water? They quite depend upon my filling their buckets for them; besides, all the flowers would die."

7. "And nice and muddy you make it. If I choose, I can dry you up in half an hour, after you've been pelting at your very hardest."

"You couldn't if it wasn't that you are helped by the sun; he never helps me."

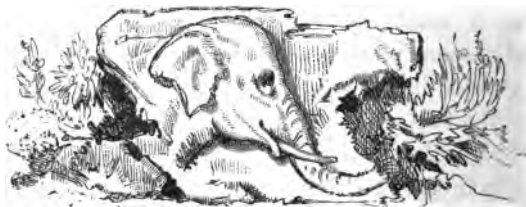
"No, I must say I do wish I was like the sun; everybody seems pleased when he appears whereas we are always greeted by frowns; but I believe they like me the better of the two, although I say it."

8. "Now I'm positive they don't; for only the other day people in the church were praying that I might fall and moisten the ground for their crops, and when their prayer

was answered, you should have seen their gratitude ! But see, we must not be caught disputing, here comes his majesty."

9. The sun now burst forth from the clouds in all its shining splendour, spreading in an instant cheerfulness over all who beheld him; for the moment all frowns disappeared, as their hearts welcomed him. Soon children came to play about, all looking like happiness itself; the streets were thronged with people who came out to enjoy the sunshine. But even the glorious heat of the sun was too much for some of them, for sunshades were put up, and some ungrateful people, who had only an hour or two before been complaining of the wind and rain, grumbled at the intense heat, and wished it would grow cooler.

10. "Now," said the sun, "do you see the folly of your quarrels and bickerings? Never grieve me again by letting me hear them so constantly. You see that even I, of whom you were both just now speaking in such flattering terms, am despised and grumbled at by some. We were all intended to be equally useful in our turns, doing good to everybody and everything; therefore, let us each do our very best, thus unitedly fulfilling the will of our great Creator."



LESSON XXXI.

be-lief'	dě-spair'	smoul'-der-ing	un-grate'-ful
cin'-ders	plung'-ing	rě-me-died	per-plex'-i-ty

A FOREST ON FIRE.

1. "We were sound asleep one night, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of horses and lowing of our cattle, which were ranging in the woods, suddenly awoke us. I took my rifle and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them in great consternation.

2. "On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far-extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I felt that every moment was precious to us.

3. "We then mounted our horses, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; and my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting-clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us,

if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs.

4. "The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had elapsed they all ran, as if mad, through the woods, and that was the last we saw of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer, that in great numbers sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

5. "We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush-heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

6. "By this time we could feel the heat, and we were afraid that our horses would drop down every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face that, when she turned toward either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased.

7. "Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake we were quite exhausted, and our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and

sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief.

8. "We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee-side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged, by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

9. "On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a morning may we never again see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds and smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

10. "The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us.

11. "When morning came, all was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly;

but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him and unmanly to despair now.

12. "Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was soon remedied. Several deer were standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it we felt wonderfully strengthened. By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go amongst the burnt trees.

13. "After resting awhile, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the hard woods, which had been free from the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated. Since then, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberman; and, thanks to God, we are safe, sound, and happy."

Audubon.



Hub'-bub—noise, uproar.

Re-flect'-ed—thrown back.

Con-ster-na-tion—fear, alarm, dismay.

Tract'-a-ble—easily managed.

El-lapsed'—passed away.

Pre-dic'-a-ment—condition.

Lee'-side—the side sheltered from the wind.

Lum'-ber-man—a man who fells and shapes trees.



LESSON XXXII.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

1. Our bugles sang truce; for the night cloud had
lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.
2. When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
3. Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
4. I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.
5. Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

6. "Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!
Thomas Campbell.
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LESSON XXXIII.

re-signed' hu-mil'-i-ty per'-il-ous ad-ven'-tures

STORY OF THE TINY WAVE.

1. The children stood by the purling brook. It was flowing along right joyously, and bustling on in a comical way to plunge into the river, just as if the huge mountain were following close upon its heels—the mountain from which it had run away but a little while before, escaping only by a perilous leap.

2. Then the children talked to the little waves, and asked them whence they came. For a long time they would give no answer, but rolled away, one over another, until at last one tiny wave, clear as crystal, dropped down and stopped behind a stone so as not to grieve the friendly children. From her they heard very strange stories, some of which they did not understand; for she told them of her earlier adventures, and of the inside of the mountain.

3. "A long time ago," she said, "I dwelt with countless sisters in a great sea, in peace and unity. We enjoyed many a pastime: now we mounted as high as a house, and



THE CHILDREN AND THE WAVE.

peeped at the stars. We saw how the coral-builders worked themselves tired, in order to come at length to the sweet light of day.

4. "But I was proud, and thought myself much better than my sisters. So, once, when the sun had sunk down into the sea, I clung to one of his warm rays, and thought I should now mount even to the stars, and be like one of them. But I had not risen far, when the sunbeam shook me off, and, not caring what might become of me, let me fall into a dark cloud.

5. "Soon there was a flash of fire through the cloud,

and I was in great peril ; but the whole cloud settled down upon a mountain, and I escaped, after much anxiety. Now I hoped to be out of danger, when all of a sudden I slipped upon a pebble, and fell from one stone to another, deeper and deeper down into the mountain, till at last it grew dark as night about me, and I could hear and see nothing more.

6. "Then I found, indeed, that 'pride goeth before a fall.' I resigned myself to my fate ; and as I had already, while in the cloud, laid aside all pride, so here, now, humility came to be my portion. At length, after many purifications by means of the mysterious virtues of metals and minerals, I was allowed to come again into the open and pleasant air. I wish now to return to my sisters in the ocean, and there patiently wait till I am called to something better."

7. She had scarcely done speaking, when the roots of a forget-me-not caught her, and drew her in, that she might become a flower, and sweetly shine, a little blue star in the green firmament of earth.

F. W. Carove.

Mys-tē'-ri-ous — hidden,
unknown.

Fir'-ma-ment—a wide expanse
or extent. (Usually the word
means the sky, or heavens.)



LESSON XXXIV.

freights	scru'-ple	mush'-room	per'-se-cūt-ors
car'-goes	ker'-nel	con-cern'-ing	pre-cau'-tions
o'-dour	chan'-nel	es-teemed'	con-sist'-ence

THE NUTMEG.

1. The nutmeg was well known in Europe as an article of commerce long before any clear information could be given concerning it. No one knew whence it came, or to what species of plant it belonged. But at the time when Venice was queen of the Adriatic, and her vessels went far and wide, they brought freights of nutmegs, obtained from the East, which were sold at a great price to the European nations.

2. The true home of the nutmeg is in a cluster of small islands in the Eastern Ocean, the largest not more than thirty miles in extent. They bear the attractive name of the "Spice Islands," or Moluccas, and are the great emporium for the fragrant spices of the East.

3. The spice trade, however, has undergone some vicissitudes, and changed masters several times, like the islands themselves. The traffic of Venice came to an end, and her glory declined; and the "Spice Islands," with their spicy treasures, came into the possession of the Portuguese. Immense wealth flowed to them through this channel; and all the riches, and splendour, and barbaric pomp of the native chief, "Sultan," as he was called, were procured by means of the spice trade.

4. At that time nutmegs were procured by the Portuguese from New Guinea and the neighbouring islands, where the trees grew wild, and no expense was required in their cultivation. Great cargoes were purchased by the traders at a costly price, and brought to Europe.

5. This state of things, however, came to an end. The Dutch appeared upon the scene, and made themselves masters of the Indian Ocean. By degrees, the whole of the Spice Islands fell into their power (1622), and, some twenty years later, Ceylon also became a Dutch possession.

6. And now began another monopoly of spices. The Dutch resolved to keep the trade entirely in their own hands, and prevent the supply from becoming too abundant. In this manner they hoped to keep up the price as well as the demand. A work of destruction had to be carried on, and the nutmeg trees in many places were entirely uprooted. They were not allowed, as heretofore, to grow wild, and the cultivation of them was restricted to one island of the group, that of Banda.

7. In spite of all these precautions, the trees would now and then outstrip their persecutors, and the harvest of nutmegs became more abundant than was permitted by the policy of the Dutch. In this case the nutmegs themselves were destroyed without any scruple, and heaps of them were burnt, or thrown into the sea.

8. There is now an open trade in spices, and the nutmeg tree has been transplanted into various parts of the world. In Sumatra there are large plantations, and also in India, but Banda is still the chief nutmeg garden of

the world. It is a lovely little spot, consisting of three small islands, enclosing a harbour, from which no outlet is visible. The water in the harbour is so transparent, that the corals and the minutest object can be seen with distinctness at the depth of several fathoms. The islands are volcanic, and two of them are clothed with the most brilliant vegetation. Almost the whole surface of the island is planted with nutmegs, that grow under the shade of some very lofty trees, called kanary trees. The soil and the moisture (for here it rains, more or less, almost every month in the year) suit the nutmeg. It requires scarcely any cultivation, and bears a constant succession of flowers and of fruit.

9. The nutmeg when ripe is about the size and colour of a peach, and has an outer rind about half an inch thick, that bursts at the side, and shows a shining black nut. The nut is enveloped in a leafy network of a brilliant red, that contrasts with the black colour of the shell it surrounds. This network is the mace, so well known in our domestic economy, and the more brilliant its hue the better it is esteemed. It is stripped off the nut, and laid in the shade to dry. After that it is packed in bags, and pressed tightly together.

10. The hard black shell has next to be dealt with. It is larger and much harder than the shell of a filbert, and could not be broken without injuring the kernel, which is the nutmeg itself.

11. The nuts are laid in the sun until the kernels shrink so much that they can be made to rattle. It is then possible to break the shell, and take out the nutmeg

entire. The nutmegs are then soaked in sea-water and lime, and afterwards laid in a heap to heat, and throw off the surplus moisture by evaporation. Added to which, the power of growth in the kernel is destroyed by this process, so that it cannot sprout.

12. The nutmegs are afterwards packed in dry lime, and sent off to Europe. There are two kinds, the "royal" and the "green." The first is the largest, and the covering of the mace is longer than the nut itself. In the other case, that of the "green," the mace only reaches half way down. The kernel contains a yellow oil, of the consistence of tallow, and of an agreeable smell. A pound of kernels will yield by pressure three ounces of it. There is still a use for the outer rind of the nutmeg. Heaps of refuse are left and allowed to putrefy, when a black mushroom springs up, and covers them. This mushroom is eaten by the natives, and esteemed a great delicacy.



Em-po'-ri-um—a place for the sale of goods.

Vi-cis'-si-tudes—changes.

En-vel'-oped—covered with, wrapped in.

Mo-nop'-o-ly—the sole right of buying and selling some particular article.

E-vap-o-ra'-tion—passing from the liquid to the vapour state.



LESSON XXXV.

thatch lich'-en sol'-emn rē'-cord

THE RUINED HAMLET.

1. Silence now reigns where once were heard the varied sounds of human life; the feelings and the thoughts that stirred each heart, amid its cares and strife—all that could move, or sad, or gay—have like a vision passed away.

2. The crumbling walls, whose roofs of thatch Time's ruthless hand hath tumbled down, are grey with mould and lichen patch; for Nature ever loves to crown decay with life; and round them all the clustering weeds grow rank and tall.

3. The stone seat by each cottage door, where gossip whiled the time away; the oak beneath whose branches hoar rose children's merry shouts at play, Time's touch hath spared; but now the hum of those glad sounds will never come.

4. Each little plot of garden ground neglected lies, nor more are seen well-cultured plants and flowers to abound, with trimly-tended walks between; the hedgerow round the garden space nettles and tall weeds interlace.

5. Yet here is felt the solemn truth—though men and all their works may fade, Nature, fresh in immortal youth, smiles at the ruin Time hath made; and round me now her aspects show fair as in ages long ago.

6. The birds sing in the forest glade; and still within each leafy nook where happy childhood careless played the

wild flowers blossom ; and the brook its pebbled bed still murmurs o'er, just as it did in days of yore.

7. The magpie, on the topmost bough of the tall fir tree, builds its nest ; and on the distant mountain's brow sunshine and gloom alternate rest ; the uplands and the verdant plains smile still as fair when summer reigns.

8. But where are *they* whose humble lot was narrowed to this quiet scene—whose very names are now forgot, their only record, “*They have been ;*” who toiled, contended, laughed, and wept, lived peaceful lives, and soundly slept ?

9. Came adverse times ; and forced to roam, when striving hard to live was vain, some in the city found a home, and some in lands beyond the main ; but, just a stone-cast from their door, within the churchyard many more.

10. Ah, mournful change ! ah, vain regrets ! memorials sad of vanished years ! here, as the sun in glory sets, my eyes are blind with burning tears, to think thus all life's joys must wane, depart, and never come again !

George Donald.

Ruth'-less—without pity.

Al-ter'-nate—by turns.

Ver'-dant—green.

Me-mo'-ri-als—things by which
we remember persons or things.

Wane—fade away.

Van'-ished—disappeared, gone.



LESSON XXXVI.

rough'-ly di-rect'-ion al-to-geth'-er ac-cord'-ing-ly
vex-a'-tion del'-i-ca-cy in'-ter-est-ed a-muse'-ment

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

1. A short time ago I took some little friends of mine to the Zoological Gardens. One of the animals which they were most anxious to see was the hippopotamus, and accordingly we made our way to that part of the grounds where he lives.

2. When we got there, we found that he was having a bath, and nothing was to be seen of him but a large, round, dark spot, which kept moving about on the surface of the water near his house, and which we concluded was his nose. The children were very much interested in this for a short time; then they thought they should like to see a little more of the animal.

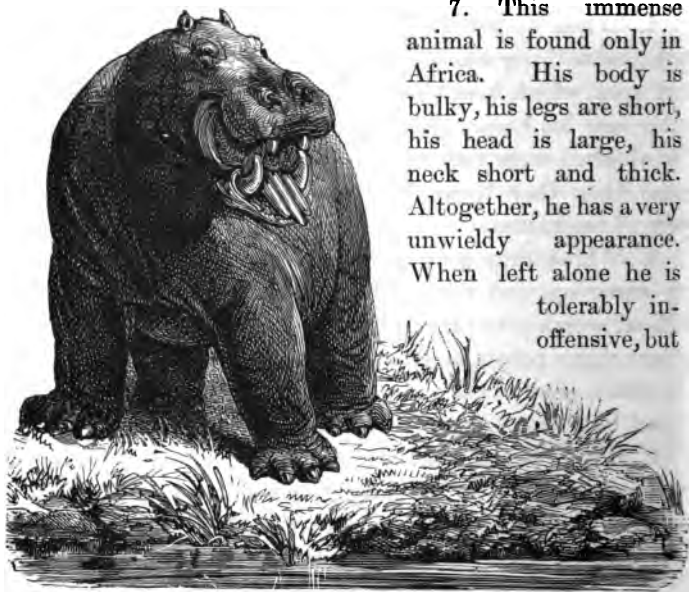
3. Whilst they were waiting patiently, a strong, rude boy came up, and pushed his way roughly to the front, without seeming to care in the least on whose toes he trod, or how many people he elbowed out of the way. He took his station close to the railings, and I suppose he thought he had been very clever to get such a good place.

4. But a punishment was in store for him. To his great vexation, but to the delight and amusement of every one else, the hippopotamus raised its head out of the water quite near the spot where the rude boy was, and suddenly spurted a stream of dirty water in his direction.

5. The boy started back with a scream, but he was too late. The water had gone right over him, and had given him a wetting that was enough to make him remember to behave better next time.

6. The hippopotamus likes the water very much. There he can move quickly, and be very active. On land he cannot get about so easily, on account of his great weight. The young hippopotamus sometimes gets upon his mother's back in the water, and appears to enjoy floating down the stream in that position quite as much as a baby boy would enjoy a gallop perched upon his mother's shoulder.

7. This immense animal is found only in Africa. His body is bulky, his legs are short, his head is large, his neck short and thick. Altogether, he has a very unwieldy appearance. When left alone he is tolerably inoffensive, but



if attacked he becomes extremely dangerous, especially to those who pursue him in boats.

8. There are various methods of hunting the hippopotamus. Sometimes he is taken in pits, which are made in his tracks. Sometimes his enemies surprise him when he has left the water and is feeding in the meadows; sometimes they go into the river to him, and attack him when he comes to the surface to breathe.

9. He is hunted partly for the ivory furnished by his tusks, and partly for his flesh, which is considered by the natives of South Africa a very great delicacy. There is a thick layer of fat just underneath the skin, which, when salted and dried, is called sea-bacon. Jelly is made from the feet, and the tongue is highly prized. The hide is made into shields, whips, and walking-sticks.

10. The food of the hippopotamus consists chiefly of the plants which grow in shallow water. He tears them up by the roots; and, but for him, many a little stream which now flows merrily along would be choked with weeds.

Un-wield'y—bulky, not able to move with ease. | **Ex-treme'-ly**—very, in the greatest degree.



LESSON XXXVII.

un-e-spied'	min'-strel-sy
elves	mush'-room
gnat	be'-guile
rue	nim'-bly

A FAIRY SONG.

1. Come, follow, follow
me,
Ye fair elves that
be

Light tripping o'er the
green,
Come, follow Mab, your
queen ;

Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

2. When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

3. Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread :
A grain of rye or wheat
The diet that we eat ;



Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

4. The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile ;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

5. O'er tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends, where we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

Shakespeare.

<p>“Fairy elves”—imaginary beings supposed to take the human form, and to dance</p>	<p>at night in the meadows, and to play all sorts of odd pranks.</p>
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LESSON XXXVIII.

gor'-geous	be-gin'-ning	war'-rant-ed	con'-se-crät-ed
be-sieged'	dis-miss'-al	pur-su'-ing	in-tel'-li-gence

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

1. Harold was crowned King of England on the very day of the Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be

quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath, and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing.

2. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them.

3. The Pope sent to Normandy a consecrated banner, and a ring containing a hair which he warranted to have grown on the head of St. Peter. He blessed the enterprise, and cursed Harold; and requested that the Normans would pay "Peter's-pence"—or a tax to himself of a penny a year on every house—a little more regularly in future, if they could make it convenient.

4. King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford Bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

5. He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

6. "Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The King of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

7. He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraw his troops, he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

8. "What will he give to my friend, the King of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The King of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

9. He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son Olave, to whom he gave honourable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers, all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

10. The intelligence was true. They had been tossed

about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing toward England.

11. By day, the banner of the three lions of Normandy, the diverse-colour sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead; and now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

12. Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength.

William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests."

"My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers."

13. "The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon," said Duke William.

14. Some proposals for reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose.

15. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand the dreaded English battle axe.

16. On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, "God's rood! holy rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

17. There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword, and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This

was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

18. The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle axes they cut men and horses down.

19. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely.

20. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks, around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

21. The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay

strewn—a dreadful spectacle—all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armour had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

22. Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among the piles of dead—and the banner, with its warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled in blood—and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field!

Charles Dickens.

Am-bas'-sa-dors — messengers sent by the government of a country.

Leagued—banded, joined.

Ca-rous'-ing—feasting.

Coun'-cil—a meeting for consultation.

Pil'-laged—plundered, spoiled.

Re-con-cil-i-a'-tion—renewal of friendship.



LESSON XXXIX.

hoe'-ing	col'-li-er-y	de-sir'-ing	con-vey'-ance
in'-jured	civ-il-ized'	as-sem'-bled	pro-ceed'-ings
earn'-ings	oc'-cu-pied	tri'-umphed	ma-chin'-er-y

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

1. Towards the close of the last century, in a village close to Newcastle, there lived a humble fireman named Robert Stephenson. So poor was he that he found it very hard work to support himself, his wife, and six children on his scanty earnings he brought home week by week. As



soon as the boys could work, or make themselves useful, they were sent out to earn their own living, and, in consequence, they had no schooling.

2. George, the second son, when eight years old, was set to take charge of some cows, for which he got one shilling per week. Afterwards he was promoted to the work of leading horses at the plough, hoeing turnips, and such like, at a salary of fourpence a day.

3. Much to the astonishment of the people round about, he employed his spare time in making little clay engines, the same shape as those he had seen at the colliery where his father worked. "The child is the father of the man," and

in after years this little fellow became the inventor of the passenger locomotive, and the founder of that gigantic railway system which now spreads its fibres over the whole of the civilized world.

4. At the age of fourteen, George, to his great delight, was appointed his father's assistant at a shilling a day. The next year he got a situation as foreman on his own account; and "now," said he, when his wages had been advanced to twelve shillings a week, "I'm a made man for life." He soon became very fond of his engine; it became a sort of pet with him; he was never tired of taking it to pieces, cleaning, and putting it together again; so that he soon made himself thoroughly master of its construction and method of working.

5. But there was one thing which troubled George very much—he could not read; but, big though he was, he was not ashamed to learn. His duties occupied him twelve hours a day, so that he had but little leisure time. He was, however, determined to learn, and so he went to a school on three nights during the week, and at the age of nineteen he could read fairly, and write his own name. He was very fond of arithmetic, and always had a sum or two by him to work out at any spare moment.

6. At the age of thirty people began to see what a thoughtful clever young man George was. He was earning much higher wages than an ordinary workman, more than ever his poor father had gained, and had succeeded in making a comfortable home.

7. One thing you will much admire in his character—his love for his father, who had been fearfully injured in an

accident at the colliery. George paid all his debts, and supported the poor old man and his mother all their remaining days.

8. Although, at this time, by constant study and observation, he knew more than many men in a much higher position, yet he was so humble-minded he never boasted of his knowledge, or pushed himself forward. At home he occupied his time in mending clocks and boots for his neighbours, thus earning more money in the evenings, which extra help enabled him to educate his son at a thoroughly good school.

9. Having felt the misfortune of having no education himself in his early days, he was determined his boy should have the best instruction that Newcastle afforded, and by interesting himself in his son's studies he soon picked up a fund of information that proved of great use in after years.

10. On one occasion, on the erection of a pumping-engine at a neighbouring pit, George, while watching its progress, remarked that it was not being put up right, and would not do its work properly. This opinion proved correct, for the mine filled with water, and the engine was quite unable to pump it out. Daily George made inquiries as to how the engine was working, and always received the same answer, that "the mine was as full of water as ever."

11. After various efforts on the part of the owners to get men to make the engine work, George Stephenson was called in to see it; and, desiring that he might do as he liked with it, he set to work and altered the machinery,

and, to the great delight of all, in a very short time the engine pumped the pit quite dry.

12. He was now quite famous for his knowledge of engines, and had the superintendence of several. He



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

began to study diligently as to how he could best improve the means employed in carrying coal from the mine to the ships. Up to this time it had been conveyed in waggons, drawn by horses on a tramway of iron; and he thought if he could construct an engine to draw the waggons, instead

of horses, that there would be a great saving in expense and labour. Many had tried and failed, but his wonderful perseverance helped him on; and, notwithstanding many drawbacks and failures, he at last succeeded in making one, which proved so useful that in a short time many colliery owners ordered steam engines from him.

13. On the commencement of the Stockton and Darlington railway, George, who was engaged as engineer to the line, urged the company to try one of his engines instead of horses, as originally proposed, and, on their consenting, the first public railway was opened in 1827, to the astonishment of all England.

14. His next great work was the construction of a railway between Liverpool and Manchester. Trade had so rapidly increased that the conveyance of goods by canal was found inadequate; and, although the plan met with great opposition from many clever engineers and the landowners, George was appointed to construct a line between the two cities.

15. The difficulties to be overcome were immense, but in a few years he triumphed, and a line was built which went over rivers, through hills, and over a large tract of moist spongy bog. Here, again, the matter for consideration was how the waggons were to be drawn. The directors determined to give the steam-engine a fair trial, and, therefore, offered a reward of £500 for the best locomotive engine that could be made.

16. On the day appointed for the trial thousands of persons assembled to witness the proceedings. Two or three other engines were sent by different makers to try

their powers with Stephenson's "Rocket," for that was the name he had given his, but, after various trials, they utterly failed, and he won the prize for his engine as being the very best, and several were at once ordered for the new line.

17. That was a great day for George Stephenson, and all England, when on the 15th of September, 1830, the railway was opened. People came from far and near to see the first carriage go over the line; and, from that time forward, not only did the carriages convey coal and merchandise, but persons of all ranks and stations in life.

18. Thus had George Stephenson, the poor fireman's child, become a great and celebrated man. He had fought a hard battle, and but for his wonderful perseverance would many a time in his youth have been discouraged and cast down. Now he was greatly sought after, both at home and abroad, to superintend and construct lines, and was honoured by kings and princes. Yet he was still the same humble-minded man, and never forgot his poorer friends in the time of his triumph.

19. In his old age he would roam about his garden, and feed his birds and animals, and study their habits, as he had always taken great pleasure in such pursuits. And here we must leave him, but not without telling the secret of his success in life, which he himself told every one was *Perseverance*.

In-vent'-or—a discoverer or maker of something new.

Su-per-in-tend'-ence — over-looking.

Mer'-chan-dise — goods bought and sold in trade.

Lo-co-mo'-tive—a steam-engine which moves itself along, and draws a load after it.

Per-se-ver'-ance — a constant and steady application in whatever we undertake.

LESSON XL.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

1. The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn ?
He never smiled again !
2. There stood proud forms before his throne,
The stately and the brave ;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train ;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again !
3. He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing ;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring :
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again !

4. Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly poured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place
 At many a joyous board ;
 Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
 Were left to heaven's bright rain,
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—
 He never smiled again ! *Mrs. Hemans.*

"Prince"—The son of Henry I., who set sail in the *White Ship* from Calais, bound for Dover. Some casks of wine were distributed among the sailors, and they thus became unfit for their work. The ship struck on a rock, and all on board, including the prince, perished. It is said that his father was never seen to smile from the day on which the news reached him.

"Fes'tal bowls"—the wine-cup, which was passed from guest to guest.

Tour'ney or tour-na-ment—a sham battle.

Blent—mingled.

Strain—viz., strain or sound of music.

Trace—mark.

LESSON XLI.

mus'-cle	stealth'-i-ly	ex-pōs'-es	cau'-tious-ly
sav'-ag-es	con-sult'-ed	rap'-id-ly	venge'-ful-ly

A CROCODILE HUNT.

1. It was a lovely evening ; the sun was just beginning to dip behind the distant mountains, and was tinging all

the clouds with gold. The broad, peaceful river reflected its hues, and the deer on the opposite bank seemed dipping their noses into molten gold.

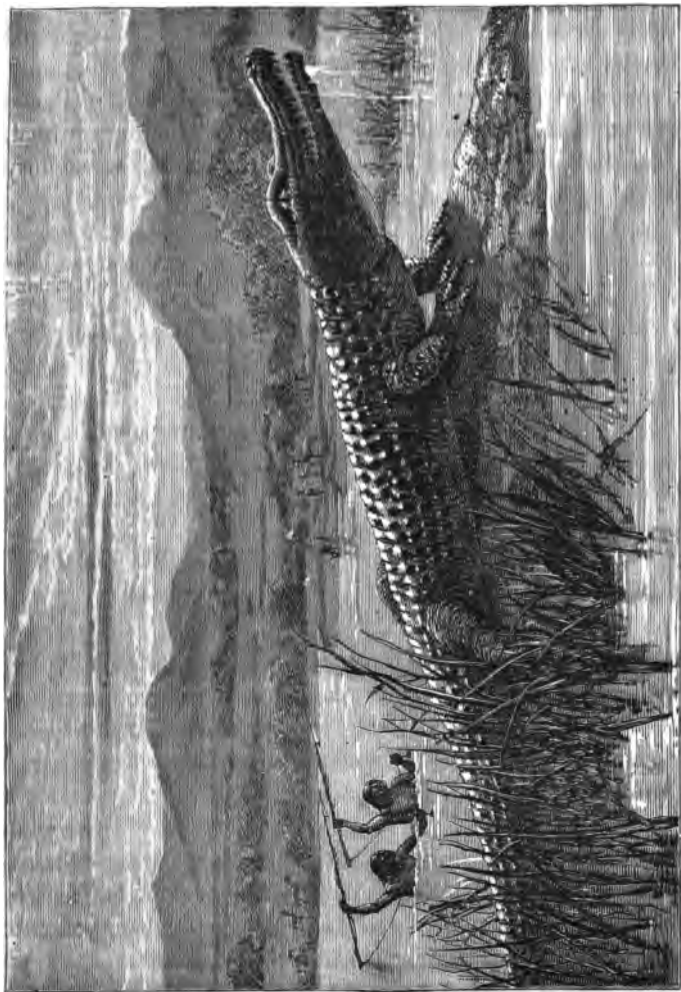
2. On a rock, not far from the edge of the river, a huge alligator lay basking, half asleep. Suddenly, from a patch of forest, appeared two naked, stalwart blacks, each armed with a spear-like harpoon. In silence, they crept stealthily along the shore, until opposite the huge monster; then, just as silently, they took to the water.

3. All our party, saving the Arab, looked on with astonishment, for it must be remembered that, although somewhat sluggish in his movements on dry land, the crocodile is terribly and vengefully swift in its native element. Custom, however, had made these savages reckless; and besides, they wanted the monster's skin.

4. Gradually and cautiously they approach him, nor, until they are within twenty yards of him, does he give a single sign to indicate that he is aware of their presence—not so much as a wink of his glassy eye, or the movement of a muscle of his half-open mouth; then he turns slowly on a pivot, and we tremble for the safety of those daring harpooners.

5. But, as he faces round, the crocodile exposes his throat and part of his chest, and, swift as arrow from bow, the spears leave the hands of the hunters, and sink deep into the animal's chest.

6. If he had had any previous notion of attacking his foes, it was now abandoned, and all his thoughts seemed bent in consulting his own safety. But it was terrible to see how he writhed and tossed, and lashed the blood-stained



WAITING TO HARPOON THE CROCODILE.

waters into foam. The men gave him thong enough, and now swam rapidly ashore.

7. The thongs were strong, the harpoons held well, and half an hour afterwards they had dragged the huge animal, dead, up and on to the opposite bank, and were busy denuding him of his skin.

Ting'-ing—colouring or stain-
ing.

In'-di-cate—to point out.

De-nūd'-ing—taking off, making
naked.

A-ban'-doned—given up.

LESSON XLII.

bris'-tled	vi'-o-lence	pre-cau'-tion	em-brāc'-ing
wrest'-ling	com'-i-cal	im'-i-tāt-ing	em-bod'-i-ment

FUN AMONG ANIMALS.

1. Fun is not confined to boys and girls. Some of the smallest insects, after their ordinary toils, enjoy themselves in some kind of sport. They run races, wrestle, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs, much in the same way as boys perform similar acts.

2. A small species of ant, in the intervals of their industry, have been seen carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs. After being carried a certain length, the rider is carefully set down.

3. "It is a happy world, after all," says Paley. "The

air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view.

4. "The insect youth are on the wing. Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their great activity, their continual change of place, without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties."

5. Small birds chase each other about in play. The trumpeter-bird hops about in the most eccentric manner on one leg, and throws somersaults. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and, throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavours to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them, as if afraid. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and cleave the surface of the water, with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around.

6. There is a story told of a tame magpie which was seen busily engaged in a garden gathering pebbles, and, with much solemnity and a studied air, dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

7. The mocking-bird seems to take delight in imitating the noises made by other animals, and by man himself. It whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and

runs to meet his master. It squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, are all imitated by this little creature with surprising truth and rapidity.

8. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together, and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes a feint of biting him.

9. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward, ready for a spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion. They bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Young tigers and panthers have been found playing with round substances, like kittens with a ball of yarn.

10. The kitten is familiar to us all as the very embodiment of playfulness. A young friend of mine has a kitten she calls Dot. It would surprise you to see to how many liberties, short of being tied in a bow-knot, Dot will submit. With a doll's cap on her head she cuts a very comical figure. Her mistress rules her by tenderness; she takes care never to hurt her.

11. The Californian Indians say that the cubs of the

bear go through all sorts of queer little antics, very often apparently for the sole purpose of distressing their anxious parents. The grown-up bears engage in dances, and the places where such sports have been held are detected by the Indians from the manner in which the ground is beaten.

12. Sometimes a bear will dance by himself, while others squat down and look on as if criticising the performance. At other times, a whole party of bears will join in a sort of quadrille. The custom proves that Bruin, though his exterior is rough, and his ordinary deportment by no means graceful, knows how to relax among his equals, and is not indifferent to social amusement.

13. Kindness to dumb animals is a duty which the young should never forget. Inhumanity to creatures so much in our power is at once mean and cowardly.

Man'-di-bles—jaws.

Myr'-i-ads—immense numbers.

Ex-ult-a'-tion—great gladness, triumph.

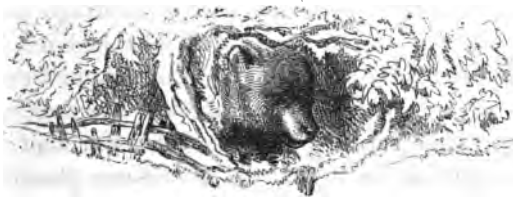
Ec-cen'-tric—odd, peculiar.

Feint—pretence.

Vi-brāt'-ing—moving to and fro.

Crit'-i-cis-ing—judging the merits.

De-port'-ment—gait, movements, manners.



LESSON XLIII.

rhymes	nurs'-er-y	knock'-ing	ve-ran'-dah
bar'-riers	scream'-ing	shiv'-er-ing	com-par'-a-tive
ceil'-ings	wreck'-age	par-ti'-tion	re-sist'-ance

A PERILOUS NIGHT.

1. Far away in Queensland lay the little town of Dramore —town is a grand name to call it by, for in fact it was little more than a straggling village, built partly on the banks of a lagoon, and partly on the dried-up bed of a river, dried up so long that no one ever remembered seeing any trace of water there.

2. Dramore boasted of a doctor, a lawyer, a police magistrate, a bank, a newspaper office, and a few stores, where you could almost get anything, from pickled salmon to artificial flowers. These were brought up from the coast town in the bullock drays, which on their return journey took down the wool from the neighbouring sheep stations, and gold from some gold reefs which lay not far off.

3. Even the grandest houses were of a very primitive kind. The doctor's house was a wooden cottage built on a sort of raised platform, a verandah all round it. Behind stood a smaller cottage, containing the servants' room and kitchen, while at one side was another building, used by Dr. Gray as his surgery, and where he also kept a large stock of medicine, for in that out-of-the-way place chemists were not to be found. Inside, the cottage was divided into

four rooms, not rooms with ceilings and walls as we have in England, but places open to the extreme height of the brown shingled roof, and only divided by wooden partitions about eight feet high, and something like the divisions in a stable.

4. In one of these rooms, at the end of a hot summer's day in 187—, lay little Arthur and Harold Gray, safely tucked in under the mosquito curtains, with the glass doors thrown open to let in every breath of air. Before they had gone to bed they had sat resting from play with their mother in the verandah, watching the sun set behind the blue Camira mountains, where the gold reefs were, and where, long ago, the river, whose now dry and grass-grown bed lay close beside them, must have taken its rise. The children slept, and night fell, a calm, tropical night, with a summer moon lighting up the blue and red water-lilies on the still lagoon.

5. Dr. and Mrs. Gray were awakened at midnight by little Arthur's voice. "Mother, mother, there is water coming in at the door!" "Nonsense, dear," replied his mother. "Go to sleep again as fast as you can." "But, mother, I see it; it isn't nonsense; and I can't go to sleep, because I hear a noise like a river far away."

6. Mrs. Gray got up, meaning to soothe her little boy, but on putting her feet to the ground, was as much astonished as Arthur to find the floor covered with water. She awoke her husband at once, but not a moment too soon; in five minutes the water was on a level with the beds, in ten minutes up to the top of the table.

7. Outside, the rain rattled on the roof, and the sound

of rushing water, the screaming of women and children, and the crash of falling buildings, told her that some fearful disaster had happened. There was no time to think what



it was. Dr. Gray lifted his wife and children first on to the table, and then to the top of the partition which divided the rooms.

8. There they sat on the cross-beams, shivering in their night-dresses. Poor little Harold cried

piteously at being awakened out of his sleep; he was but two years old, so he only understood that he was cold and sleepy.

9. Arthur, who was older, was at first very much amused, and thought it great fun; but when, through the open doors, he saw in the moonlight his father's surgery float down with the water; and then, after a little while, a wooden house with a man and woman screaming and praying for the help which no one could give, he got frightened too.

10. His father put his arms round his eldest boy, and Mrs. Gray kept Harold nestled close to her side; and so they sat for hours. Happily, the doors and windows having

been left open, the water found no resistance, and rushed through at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, carrying with it chairs, books, and such small things, and destroying all the rest, but leaving the house standing.

11. Outside floated a stream of wreckage—a haystack, with an old woman safe on the top; a wooden cradle with a baby, who was found alive next day some miles down the creek; dead sheep and cattle; with furniture and even houses. The country for miles was like a lake; and I think many of the people were almost inclined to think that another Deluge had come.

12. Next day, when people could talk calmly over the matter, it was supposed that a waterspout had burst somewhere up in the Camira mountains, and that the torrent had rushed down the old river-bed until it came to the flat place where Dramore stood, when it broke over its banks, sweeping away all barriers, and rushed over the town and country till the volume of water had spent itself.

13. But to return to our friends the Grays, on the cross-beams; there they sat until three o'clock in the morning, the father observing, with speechless horror, that every moment the water rose higher and higher, until at last it splashed over his feet. Their mother tried to cheer the children by telling them their favourite stories, and singing their pet nursery rhymes, but she too well knew that the danger was increasing.

14. Dr. Gray had his eyes steadily fixed on one spot on the wall; for several minutes he did not speak, and then, just as a clock above him struck three, he exclaimed, "Thank God, Kate, the water is going down! I have hoped so for

some time, and now I am quite sure; so we have only to hold on a little longer and we shall be safe."

15. In about an hour the children and their mother were so exhausted and tired, and the water had abated so much, that Dr. Gray looked about from his perch to see if he could get them anything to eat. On a shelf he saw one bottle of porter, which he could perhaps reach by jumping on the table. This he did, and at last managed, by knocking off the head of the bottle, to give them a few sips each, and thus they held on for an hour or so longer. Then they got to the comparatively comfortable resting-place of the large dining-room table, and later on they saw, in the early morning light, a boat coming up to the verandah, one which was usually moored to a tree by the lagoon. Into this they were put, and taken to a place of safety at a friend's house some miles off.

M. E. A.



Prim'-i-tive—of the simplest and roughest kind.

Shin'-gled—tiled with slabs of wood instead of tiles or slates.

La-noon'—a shallow lake.

Mos-qui'-to — a gnat-like fly, common in warm countries. It has a disagreeable sting.



LESSON XLIV.

THE RIVER.

1. River, river, little river !
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing—
Like a child at play.
2. River, river, *swelling* river !
On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
Louder, faster, rolling, leaping,
Over rocks and shallows sweeping—
Like impetuous youth.
3. River, river, *brimming* river !
Broad and deep, and still as time ;
Seeming still, although in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean—
Just like mortal prime.
4. River, river, *rapid* river !
Swifter now you slip away ;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow—
Like life's closing day.
5. River, river, *headlong* river !
Down you dash into the sea—
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that sail hath never rounded—
Like eternity.

LESSON XLV.

her'-it-age	re-doub'-led	in-dig'-nant	or-na-ment'-al
a-void'-ed	ad-mit'-tance	sauc'-i-ness	suf'-fer-ance
ven'-tured	pă'-tron-age	in-ter-fere'	im-per-tin'-ence



THE LAPWING.

1. Often, in some quiet ramble over the fields or commons, you may see a number of birds with large wings flying overhead, and uttering a curious note like the word "pee-wit." These are lapwings, or peewits, as they are commonly called, from their peculiar cry.

2. Large downs and sheep-walks, heaths, pastures, and rather wet meadow land, are the favourite haunts of these birds. Their nests are built in the open moors or fields where the grass is short, and are composed of a few stems put together in a hollow place.

3. Should your feet turn in the direction of a nest, the mother bird will spy you out, even at a great distance. She will rise up and approach you, flying about in a state of excitement, and trying to lead you from the nest. And all the lapwings in the neighbourhood, as if quite understanding the matter, will come and join her, and fly, and flap, and "pee-wit" over your head with great energy.

4. All at once, however, it appears as if the mother lapwing had suddenly become lame. She runs limping along, and it seems the easiest thing on earth to catch her. She will allow you to come very near indeed, and entice you to a great distance. Then, when all danger is over, she will fly up, as if laughing in your face, and fly off.

5. Peewits are sometimes kept in gardens, where they are not only ornamental, but extremely useful in devouring insects of all sorts and kinds.

6. A vicar of Newcastle once kept one in this way, and the peewit was as contented and happy as a peewit could be as long as the summer lasted; but when the winter drew near! that was a different matter. Winter is a very trying time for birds, and so our peewit found it, and every day it drew nearer and nearer the house in search of crumbs, and other things that might by chance be thrown out.

7. One winter afternoon the cook happened to go into

the back kitchen with a lighted candle in her hand, and was startled by hearing the plaintive cry "pee-wit, pee-wit;" this continued till she approached the window, when it was redoubled; she opened it a little bit, and in hopped the poor, little, hungry, shivering creature. After this it was observed that, whenever a light was taken into the back kitchen, the peewit always made its petition for admittance, which was immediately granted.

8. By degrees, as the winter advanced, the bird grew bolder, and ventured as far as the front kitchen. This, however, was a work of time, and not accomplished without many advances and retreats, because in the front kitchen lived a dog and a cat. When first the peewit became aware of their presence, it retreated in terror; but fire and food are very tempting, and the next day it ventured to hop in again.

9. The dog and the cat sat happily together in front of the great blazing fire, which had only recently finished its duty of dressing the family dinner, and you may be sure that that part of the room was carefully avoided by the timid little intruder, who hopped about humbly in the background, and picked up anything that was thrown to it.

10. The bird soon became a universal favourite. The dog would regard it over his shoulder with a look of good-natured patronage, and even the cat did not stop purring when it drew near. For it did draw near; it gained courage and confidence, and at last took up its place familiarly with the two animals, whose affections it gained so entirely that they permitted it to spend the winter

evenings and nights with them in front of the kitchen fire.

11. In the spring it ~~deserted~~ the house for the garden, being something, I suppose, of the gipsy in its tastes, But winter brought it hopping confidently up to its two friends on the kitchen hearth, who received it with the utmost cordiality.

12. But we all know that "familiarity breeds contempt;" and this lapwing, so timid at first, so thankful for any notice, and for being admitted, if only on sufferance, to a share of the comforts which were the rightful heritage of the dog and cat, began at last to take great liberties, and to treat its companions with the sauciness of a spoiled pet.

13. You will never guess what it did among other things. A bowl of water stood by the fire, placed there expressly for the dog to drink out of, and this impudent bird had no greater delight than using this as a bath, and washing itself in the dog's beverage.

14. Nor was this all. For if either the dog or the cat dared to take notice of its impertinence, or to show the least inclination to interfere, it would put itself in an actual passion, puff up its feathers, and splutter and flutter about in the water in the most indignant manner possible.

In-trūd'-er—one who enters
where he has no right of
entry.

Per-mit'-ted—allowed.

De-sert'-ed—left, gave up.

Con-fid'-ing-ly—trustfully.

LESSON XLVI

TO BLOSSOMS.



1. Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here
awhile,
To blush and gently smile ;
And go at last.
2. What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye
forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.
3. But you are lovely leaves,
where we
May read how soon things
have
Their end, though ne'er so
brave :

And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile ; they glide
Into the grave.

Herrick.

LESSON XLVII.

thriv'-ing

ap-pren'-ticed

in-vent'-ion

FOLLY AND HIS FIDDLE.

1. Richard Folly lived near Stourbridge about the close of the seventeenth century. His father was a small farmer, and he apprenticed Richard to a nail-maker. For a year or two Richard was industrious enough at the nail-bench, but after a while the trade grew very slack, and there was little work either for the apprentices or the grown-up men.

2. When there was no work to do, Richard would take his fiddle and go strolling among the villages round about. He was always a welcome visitor, for he would fiddle all sorts of old-fashioned quaint tunes to please the granny, or scrape away at nursery rhymes, or pretty little childish hymns to please the children, who (especially the sick ones) learned to love kind Dick Folly the fiddler.

3. This went on for a time; but our fiddler did not forget that he was a nail-maker, although trade grew worse and worse. Richard's master began to despair. He met his workman one day, who stopped as though he had something to say.

"What's the reason of this bad trade, sir?" asked Richard, who was a favourite.

4. "Oh," said his master, "the people in Sweden have got all the orders. They have found out a way of

slitting the rods, of which we make the nails, by machinery, and we can only do it by hand-labour, so they can make nails much faster than we, and sell them at a much lower price."

5. "But why can't we get machinery too, sir?" asked Richard. "Surely we Englishmen can do most things!"

"Because," said his master, "no one here knows what it's like. Sweden's a long way off, and were any one to go, they would not let him see the machine. People have gone all the way on purpose, but were not allowed to enter the works. They keep their invention a great secret, I assure you."

6. Richard grew thoughtful, but said no more. A few mornings after, he was missing; and days and weeks passed by, and no trace of him could be found. At length, after an absence of some months, he returned, and told a wonderful story.

7. How he had fiddled his way to Hull, worked his passage to Stockholm, and then fiddled up to the iron-works where this wonderful machine was at work; how the iron-workers were pleased with his music, made friends with him, and allowed him to play during their meal-hour inside the iron-mill, and even close to the machine.

8. While he fiddled, he cast his eyes about him, and noted how the machine was made. This he did day after day, until he had it fixed in his mind, and then he came back to England as he had gone, working as a cabin-boy on sea, and walking and fiddling by land.

9. When he told this story, the Stourbridge people were delighted, and a machine was made under Richard's direc-

tions. It was a wonderful machine to look at; but it had one defect—it wouldn't work. The people laughed at it, and laughed at Richard so much, that he again left the town, too much ashamed, every one thought, ever to show his face there again.

10. Months passed by, and one morning Richard again turned up in Stourbridge, and told a more wonderful story still. He had been all the way to Sweden a second time, precisely as he had gone before. The iron-workers there were glad to see their long-lost fiddler, and he fiddled for them more than ever. Cautiously, but narrowly, he inspected their machine, and soon found out what was wanted to complete his own, and then he started back home.

11. The old machine, which had been cast aside as lumber, was soon completed, and set to work by Richard, to the infinite joy of the nail-makers, whose trade now once again began to revive; and Richard became a thriving man.

12. In a few years he was one of the leading iron-masters of Stourbridge, and before his death he had not only amassed a large fortune, but had been the means of raising the trade of the whole district from depression and decay.



LESSON XLVIII.

an'-chors	re-cēd'-ing	glit'-ter-ing	in-ev'-it-a-bly
lat'-i-tudes	pro-cured'	re-as-sūr'-ed	sub'-se-quent-ly

THE RESCUE.

1. It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night, and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside the bay.

2. We had had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most part of the time. Forward the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted, and we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

3. "A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar. "The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin." "Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

4. Two hours afterwards I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer. "Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face; "but I wish you would turn out, and come on deck as soon as possible."

5. "Why—what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?" "Why, sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance a moment ago; I saw something black upon it—something that I thought moved. The moon is under a cloud, and I could not see distinctly; but I do believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

6. We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off to leeward, and its white, glittering surface was broken by a black spot—more I could not make out.

7. "Get me a glass, Mr. Larkin—the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly." I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working its way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with a glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

8. "Forward, there!" I shouted at the top of my voice; and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away in the ship's cutter. Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand to take a look for himself. "Oh! pitiful sight," he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat; "there are two children on that cake of ice!"

9. The two men answered my hail and walked lazily aft. In an incredibly short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped,

followed by the two men, who took the oars. I held the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

10. "Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "put me alongside of that, and I will give you one month's extra wages when you are paid off."

11. The men bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were worn out by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight; and, though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase; and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering as he saw how little we gained, cried out—

12. "Pull, lads—I'll double the captain's prize. Pull, lads, for the sake of mercy, pull!" A convulsive effort of the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong men was gone. One of the poor fellows washed us twice in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar.

13. "Lie down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man; "and, captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves." I took the second man's place. Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt; as he pulled the bow I waited the signal stroke. It came gently, but firm; and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-locks.

14. We kept time with each other by our long, deep breathing. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then threw all our

strength into the backward movement, till every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained.

15. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours. “Are we almost to it, Mr. Larkin?” I gasped out. “Almost, captain,—don’t give up; for the love of our dear little ones at home, don’t give up, captain.”

16. The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had fathers’ hearts; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

17. Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and my heart for a moment almost ceased its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his kind voice.

18. “Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do”—and the next moment the boat’s side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprang from the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and, calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

19. We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys—the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger. Both were fast asleep! The lethargy, which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue, had overcome them.

20. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket; and then, loosing his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled child in contact with

his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great-coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child ; and we then returned to the boat ; and the men, partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

21. The children, as we learned when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake, which had jammed into the bend of the river, ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would inevitably have perished, but for Mr. Larkin's spying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

22. "How do you feel?" I said to the mate, the next morning after this adventure. "A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on his manly heart.



Re-spond'-ed—answered, replied.

Vig'-il-ant—watchful.

De-tect'-ed—saw, discovered.

Cut'-ter—small boat.

Lee'-ward—away from the wind.

In-cred'-i-bly—surprisingly.

Con-vuls'-ive—irregular, trembling.

Til'-ler—the handle by which the rudder is turned.

Leth'-ar-gy—drowsiness, sleepiness.



LESSON XLIX.

aisle	di-sease'	stag'-nant	loath'-some
plague	fi'-bres	in'-cense	wor'-shipped

THE LÉPER.

1. "Room for the leper! room!"—and, as he came, the cry passed on—"Room for the leper! room!" Sunrise was slanting on the city gates rosy and beautiful, and from the hills the early-risen poor were coming in duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum of moving wheels, and multitudes astir, and all that in a city murmur swells.

2. "Room for the leper!" and aside they stood, matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all who met him on the way—and let him pass. And onward through the open gate he came, a leper, with the ashes on his brow, sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip a covering, stepping painfully and slow; and with a difficult utterance, like one whose heart is with an iron nerve put down, crying, "Unclean! unclean!"

3. 'Twas daybreak now,—when at the altar of the Temple stood the holy priest of God. The incense-lamp burned with a struggling light, and a low chant swelled through the hollow arches of the roof like an articulate wail; and there alone, to ghastly thinness shrunk, the leper knelt. The echoes of the melancholy strain died in the distant aisles, and he rose up, struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head unto the sprinkled ashes, and

put off his costly raiment for the leper's garb; then, with his sackcloth round him, and his lip hid in a loathsome covering, stood still to hear his doom:—

4. "Depart! depart, oh child of Israel! from the temple of thy God; for He hath smote thee with His chastening rod: and to the desert wild, from all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee, that from thy plague His people may be free. Depart! and come not near the busy mart, nor pluck the yellow grain, nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain, nor greeting stay to hear; nor lay thee down to sleep upon the sod. Depart, oh leper! and forget not God!"

5. And he went forth—alone; not one of all the many whom he loved, nor she whose name was woven in the fibres of his heart, breaking within him now, to come and speak comfort unto him—yea, he went his way, sick, and heart-broken, and alone.

6. 'Twas noon—the leper knelt beside a stagnant pool in the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow, hot with the burning leprosy, and touched the loathsome water to his fevered lips, praying that he might be so blessed—to die!

7. Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee, he drew the covering closer to his lip, crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and, in the folds of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face, he fell upon the earth till they should pass. Nearer the stranger came, and, bending o'er the prostrate form, pronounced the leper's name. The voice was music, and disease's pulse beat for a moment with restoring thrill: he rose and stood.

8. The stranger gazed awhile, as if his heart were

moved; then stooping down, he took a little water in his palm and laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!" And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood coursed with delicious coolness through the veins; his palms grew moist, the leprosy was cleansed; he fell and worshipped at the feet of Jesus.

N. Willis.

LESSON L.

oc'-cu-py-ing	sub-stan'-tial	a-ver'-sion	im-mov'-a-bly
an-noy'-ance	gam'-bol-ing	re-coiled'	stead'-fast-ly

A YOUNG CHIMPANZEE.

1. I saw him for the first time in the kitchen belonging to the keepers' apartments, dressed in a little Guernsey shirt, or banyan jacket. He was sitting child-like in the lap of a good old woman, to whom he clung whenever she made show of putting him down. His aspect was mild and passive, but that of a little withered old man, and his large eyes, hairless and crimped visage, and man-like ears, surmounted by the black hair of his head, rendered the resemblance very striking, notwithstanding the depressed nose and the projecting mouth.

2. He had already become very fond of his old nurse, and she had evidently become attached to her nursling, although they had only been acquainted for three or four days, and it was with difficulty that he permitted

K



YOUNG CHIMPANZEE.

her to go away to do her work in another part of the building.

3. On her lap he was perfectly at his ease, and it seemed to me that he considered her as occupying the place

of his mother. He was constantly reaching up with his hand to the fold of her neckerchief, though when he did so she checked him, saying, "No, Tommy, you must not pull the pin out."

4. When not otherwise occupied, he would sit quietly in her lap, pulling his toes about with his fingers, with the same passive air as a human child exhibits when amusing himself in the same manner. I wished to examine his teeth; and when his nurse, in order to make him open his mouth, threw him back in her arm and tickled him just as she would a child, the caricature was complete.

5. I offered him my ungloved hand. He took it mildly in his, with a manner equally exempt from forwardness and fear, examined it with his eyes, and perceiving a ring on one of my fingers, submitted that, and that only, to a very cautious and gentle examination with his teeth, so as not to leave any mark on the ring. I then offered him my other hand with the glove on. This he felt, looked at it, turned it about, and then tried it with his teeth.

6. At length it became necessary for his kind nurse to leave him, and after much remonstrance on his part she put him on the floor. He would not leave her, however, and walked nearly erect by her side, holding by her gown just like a child. At last she got him away by offering him a peeled raw potato, which he ate with great relish, holding it in his right hand.

7. His keeper, who is very attentive to him, then made his appearance, and spoke to him. Tommy evidently made an attempt to speak, gesticulating as he stood erect,

protruding his lips, and making a hoarse noise like "Hoo! hoo!" He soon showed a disposition to play with me, jumping on his lower extremities like a child, and looking at me with an expression indicating a wish for a game at romps. I confess we had a capital game.

8. On another occasion, and when he had become familiar with me, I caused, in the midst of his play, a looking-glass to be brought and held before him. His attention was instantly and strongly arrested: from the utmost activity he became immovably fixed, steadfastly gazing at the mirror with eagerness, and something like wonder depicted in his face. He at length looked up at me, then again gazed at the glass. The tips of my fingers appeared on one side as I held it; he put his hands and then his lips to them, then looked behind the glass, and finally passed his hands behind it, evidently to feel if there were anything substantial there.

9. I presented him with a cocoa-nut, to the shell of which some bark was still adhering; the tender bud was just beginning to shoot forth—this he immediately bit off and ate. A hole was bored in one of the eyes, and the nut again given to him, and he immediately held it up with the aperture downwards, applied his mouth to it, and sucked away at what milk there was with great glee.

10. As I was making notes with a paper and pencil, he came up and looked at me inquisitively, testing the pencil with his teeth when he had it given to him.

11. A trial was made of the little fellow's courage; for when his attention was directed elsewhere, a hamper containing a large snake, called python, was brought in and

placed on a chair near the dresser. The lid was raised, and the basket in which the snake was enveloped was opened, and soon after Tommy came gamboling that way. As he jumped and danced along the dresser towards the basket he was all gaiety and life; suddenly he seemed to be taken aback, stopped, and cautiously advanced towards the basket, peered or rather craned over it, and constantly, with a gesture of horror and aversion and the cry of "Hoo! hoo!" recoiled from the detested object, jumped back as far as he could, and then sprang to his keeper for protection.

12. Tommy does not like confinement, and when he is shut up in his cage, the violence with which he pulls at and shakes the door is very great, and shows considerable strength; but I have never seen him use this exertion against any other part of the cage, though his keeper has endeavoured to induce him to do so, in order to see whether he would make the distinction.

13. When at liberty he is extremely playful; and in his high jinks I saw him toddle into a corner where an unlucky bitch was lying with a litter of very young pups, and lay hold of one of them, till the snarling of the mother and the cries of the keeper made him put the pup down. He then climbed up to the top of the cage where the marmosets were, and jumped furiously upon it, evidently to astonish the inmates, who huddled together, looking up at the dreadful creature over their heads. Then he went to a window, opened it, and looked out. I was afraid that he might make his escape; but the words "Tommy, no!" pronounced by the keeper in a mild but

firm tone, caused him to shut the window and to come away.

14. He is, in truth, a most docile and affectionate animal, and it is impossible not to be taken with the expressive gestures and looks with which he courts your good opinion, and throws himself upon you for protection against annoyance. *Broderip.*



Că'-ri-ca-ture—an exaggerated likeness.

De-pict'-ed—shown, pictured.

Ad-hër'-ing—sticking to.

Ā'-per-ture—hole, opening.

Ges'-tures—motions or actions of a peculiar kind, expressive of the feelings.



LESSON LI.

THE STRANGER AND THE CHILD.

Stranger.

1. Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child ?
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
 A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
 Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.

Child.

2. Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Stranger ! kind stranger ! oh ! let me go.

Stranger.

3. Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell :
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well—
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune ;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

Child.

4. Oh ! my mother sings at the twilight's fall
A song of the hills far more sweet than all :
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee ;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Stranger ! kind stranger ! oh ! let me go.

Stranger.

5. Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

Child.

6. Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

7. Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot.

Child.

8. Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still,
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing-bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Mrs. Hemans.



LESSON LII.

blām'-a-ble com-plēt'-ed sep'-a-rāt-ed dē'-sper-ate

THE LITTLE WOOD-GATHERERS.—Part I.

1. One cold day in the month of December, two poor children, thin and pale, half-clad in rags, issued from a cottage situated on the verge of the forest of Sancy. The ground was covered with snow; the trees were all stripped of their leaves; the wind blew with fury. It was only seven in the morning, scarcely daybreak.

2. Nicholas and Frank, the two poor little wood-gatherers, walked rapidly towards the centre of the forest. Their feet were ill protected by the old shoes they wore. Coarse linen trousers, a blouse, and a bonnet of rabbit-skin, completed their attire.

3. When they had walked a considerable distance, they stopped at a place where several roads met. "Stop, Frank," said Nicholas; "take this rope, and bind up in it as much dead wood as you can gather together." "Yes, brother." "When you have gathered enough, you can meet me at the entrance to the forest."

4. The two brothers then separated, and took different roads. They had soon gathered sticks enough to make a heavy load apiece. Bending under their several burdens, they shortly after met at the place appointed.

"Come on, Nicholas," said Frank; "let us make haste, for while we loiter here mother is suffering from the cold."

"Oh, yes; the wind blows from all sides of the hut, and the snow falls on the straw where we slept last night."

"Ah! little robbers! I have caught you again!" suddenly shouted a rough voice close at hand.

5. The two boys, frightened, let their loads fall from off their backs, and threw themselves at the feet of a man who now presented himself. He was a stiff, gruff-looking fellow, of repulsive voice and manner, and he fixed his eyes on the two trembling boys with a fierce expression. He was dressed as a gamekeeper, and carried a gun under his arm.

6. "Little good-for-naughts!" said he; "isn't this the second time I have caught you?"

"Pardon, pardon, Mr. Sylvester," cried the two boys, weeping.

"Ah! do you suppose you are to be allowed to rob the marquis of his wood in this way? But we shall see—we shall see!"

"But it is dead wood, and when it isn't gathered it only rots upon the ground, and is of no use to anybody."

7. "Come, come, Mr. Logician, take up your plunder and follow me."

"Follow you? And—where?"

"To prison, little thieves!"

"To prison? oh, good sir, in pity spare us!"

"No! I tell you."

8. "But our mother may die of cold, she has only us in the world to help her; and if you put us in prison, what will she do?"

"It's all the same to me."

"Oh, you have neither heart nor soul in you," said one of the boys, almost desperate; "well may they call you *Sylvester the Wolf*."

"Good! good! I perform my duty, and don't bother myself about anything else."

9. "Listen, Mr. Sylvester," said Nicholas; "I am bigger and stronger than my brother, and I gathered more of the dead wood than he did; I am, therefore, more guilty: well, punish me as you will; punish me for both of us, but send my brother back to the cottage."

"Nay, listen to me, good sir," cried Frank; "it is I whom you must put in prison. Nicholas is stronger than me, and his labour is more useful to our mother."

"Come, no more talking," said Sylvester; "you needn't be jealous—you must both go."

"My poor mother!" said Frank, sobbing.

10. The two boys took up their burdens, and followed the heartless gamekeeper. As they passed before the château of the marquis, Nicholas said to Sylvester: "Before going to prison, I wish to see the marquis himself."

"In good time," said Sylvester; "here he comes."

11. In fact, the Marquis de Sancy was advancing to meet them. He was a man of about sixty, of good figure, a noble-looking gentleman. His white hairs fell about his cheeks, and his blue eyes, full of sweetness and kindly expression, inspired confidence in those who looked him in the face.

12. "Well, Sylvester," said the marquis; "what are you going to do with these children?"

"My lord, they are little robbers, whom I have caught for the second time, stealing wood."

The two brothers stood crying bitterly.

"You know this wood does not belong to you," said the marquis.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Then you are very blamable, indeed ; for, when you had been already forbidden to take it, you ought not to have done so."

"We must then have lain down and died of cold," said Nicholas, sadly.

"How, child ! What do you say ?" asked the marquis, with seeming interest.

13. "Yes, sir, I shall tell you the truth, and you can judge whether we deserve to be punished or not. Our father was a woodman ; kept down by hard work and poverty, he could scarcely provide food for his family. One day they brought him home dying. He had been crushed by the fall of a tree which he had felled. After many months of cruel suffering, he died ; and we were left alone—my brother and I, with our dear mother, who is old and infirm. A poor hut built on the sod, covered with bark, a little potato field—such is all that we possess.

14. "In summer, Frank and I split wood in the forest, or we help the peasants with their work ; we can thus earn a little money, which helps our mother to live. But in winter, sir, ah ! *then* we are very miserable indeed. The snow covers the ground ; the wind shakes our mean little dwelling ; the rain penetrates it everywhere, and freezes on our very clothes. We who are young can bear all that ;"

but our mother, sir ! our poor mother—oh ! when we see her pale, cold, almost perished, trying in vain to keep warm her frozen limbs, our heart is torn, and tears run from our eyes.

15. "Then we sally forth to hide our grief. The forest is before us ; the earth is strewn with branches which the wind has blown down : a few of these useless remnants would warm our mother. Are we to leave her to die, when we can so easily save her ? There, marquis, is the whole truth, and now say if we are guilty."

16. "Yes, my little fellows," replied the marquis ; "inasmuch as you have taken what did not belong to you. But you are good and dutiful children, and it would be a very cruel act, indeed, to punish you. Go ; I forgive you. When you are cold, go into the forest, and gather what sticks you want—I permit you. You hear, Sylvester ?" addressing the gamekeeper.

"Yes, sir," replied he, touching his cap.

17. "And now, since these children must be tired with the long walk you have given them, take a cart and carry the wood to the cabin of their mother."



LESSON LIII.

THE LITTLE WOOD-GATHERERS.—Part II.

1. The winter of 1829–30 was terrible. The cold reached to an extraordinary degree, and was exceedingly long-continued. The most rapid rivers were covered with ice; and carriages, no matter what their weight, could pass over them as on a highway. Horses and beasts were frozen to death in their stalls; men fell lifeless on the hard earth; wild beasts issued from their lairs, and came into the villages, into the stables, and even into the houses themselves, to allay the hunger and thirst which tortured them. In short, misery and distress had reached their height.

2. Thanks to the kindness of the Marquis de Sancy, his peasants of the forest were enabled to support the rigours of the season. A little house, solidly constructed of stone, replaced the little cabin in which they had before dwelt. The marquis gave them some few articles of furniture, added a bit to their field, and thus gave them comparative ease and comfort, in place of misery and despair.

3. Winter continued; but the little wood-gatherers bore it without complaint. Their mother, seated beside a good fire, could turn her wheel, and spin for the good marquis: in the day-time the boys worked at making a hedge, wherewith to enclose their little field; and in the evening they worked willow baskets, and made cages, which they went to sell on the day following, in the

neighbouring town. Sometimes they returned home late, and they often trembled with fear at hearing the howling of wolves in the forest.

4. One night, when they were on their way home from the town, where they had been selling their little wares, as they passed along one of the by-paths of the forest, a cry of distress reached their ear.

“It is the voice of the marquis!” exclaimed Frank.

“Let us run this way,” cried Nicholas.

5. They hastened toward the place whence they had thought proceeded the voice of their benefactor. Nicholas carried in his hand a little sharp hatchet, with which they were wont to cut wood. They always carried it with them on those nights when they were likely to be late.

6. In a few minutes they reached a man struggling with a wolf of enormous size. It was indeed their friend the marquis. The wolf had thrown itself upon him, torn him with its horrid teeth, and, after a terrible struggle with his adversary, the marquis was on the point of falling his victim. Nicholas rushed at the ferocious brute, and fetching a blow with his axe, cut off one of his paws.

7. The wolf, furious at his new enemy, turned upon him to avenge his wound. He leapt upon Nicholas. Frank threw himself on the wolf's back, and bound his arms tightly about its neck, to strangle it. The wolf fell to the ground, Nicholas under him; his hatchet fell from his hands; but the marquis, snatching it up, watched his opportunity of striking the beast without wounding the children, and, by a well-aimed blow, cleft the wolf's head.

8. "Ah! my children," exclaimed the marquis, on recognising his young defenders; "it is to you, then, that I owe my life!"

"Sir, you have had pity on our misfortunes; you have saved our poor mother's life; we owe everything to you."

9. "You see, Sylvester," observed the marquis to the gamekeeper, who ran up at this moment; "you see how those two noble youths have borne themselves in saving my life. Instead of being harsh and cruel toward the unfortunate, be kind, generous, charitable; and bethink yourself always, that even though you may not do a kindness out of love of virtue, it is well to do it even out of selfish motives; for we may be indebted for our life and safety to those who are weaker and smaller than ourselves. Even the marquis, you see, may come in the little peasants' way, and owe his life to them, as I do now."



LESSON LIV.

de-vel'-op-ing so'-ci-a-ble oc'-cu-pants im'-pu-dent



THE PALM SQUIRREL.

1. Immediately in front of the verandah stands a fine tree growing very like an open umbrella. On this tree a number of pretty little striped squirrels, commonly called palm squirrels, are amusing themselves, and I have been

L

feeding them with bread, for they are very sociable and fearless.

2. There sits one before me on his haunches, holding the bread in his fore-paws and eating it, whilst a second, with a piece of toast in his mouth, is being chased all over the tree by another.

3. A third is busily engaged in knocking off the earthen galleries made by the white ants, on the trunk of the tree, and then eating their occupants as the blind insects try to get up the bark or retire to shelter, being cut off from retreat by their broken tunnel.

4. A fourth is seen playing with, and jumping at, some birds feeding under the tree, whilst others are standing on their hind-legs eating the seeds of the grass growing near to its roots.

5. Squirrels are found at every house in this neighbourhood. They live in the thatch, make their huge nests of whatever they can pilfer—cotton, cloth, hair, wool, and fibres, such as hemp and tow; an old wig would be a perfect treasure to them. Of these materials they construct a nest forming a mass of perhaps nine inches or one foot square, placed generally in some hollow or crevice, or upon a beam. They then line it with the softest materials, and in this nest they bring up four or five young ones.

6. I remember watching them building a nest in this very verandah. It was placed just where, if rain came, it would be wetted. It did rain, and the old ones made a fine chattering with their shrill cries. Presently, in an incredibly short space of time, perhaps an hour, another smaller nest had been prepared in a snugger place, quite

dry, and then the mother brought down the wetted infants, one by one, in her mouth, and put them into their new home, which, I have no doubt, she afterwards made more comfortable for them.

7. They are very impudent, and always up to tricks with one another. I saw one playing one day. He had found an empty drain-pipe lying in the garden, and he was amusing himself by running backwards and forwards through it. This was the more strange as he was quite alone, and did it evidently for nothing but amusement.

8. Another day I saw one stealing quietly along a wall, on which was sitting a large black crow eating some delicate morsel which had excited the cupidity of our friend. When he got quite close, he gave a sudden jump right on to the crow's back, which so frightened him that he dropped his morsel, and flew away.

9. The squirrel seized it, but the crow would have recaptured it had not a convenient hole been near, into which the squirrel bolted, and the crow could not follow.

10. These squirrels, too, are great thieves. They will rob birds' nests for their lining of moss, wool, feathers, or hair, with which to build their nests.

11. The natives give them credit for eating eggs, and I have once seen one with a dove's egg in its mouth. They are in general vegetable feeders, are often tamed, and, although at first a few bites may be expected, they make as nice pets as the English squirrel.

C. Horne, F.Z.S.



LESSON LV.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

1. "I am a Pebble, and yield to none,"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor change nor season can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or to touch my heart; but it was not felt.
2. "None can tell of the Pebble's birth;
For I am as old as the solid earth.
The children of man arise, and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"
3. The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed, and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball—the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.

4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
“ Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the higher element, where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel.”
5. And soon in the earth she sank, away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay ;
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak !
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said—
6. “ A modest Acorn ! never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell —
That the pride of the forest was then shut up,
Within the space of her little cup !
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth !
And, oh ! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire that beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I.

7. "Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
 I have been idling from year to year ;
 But never from this shall a vaunting word
 From the humble Pebble again be heard,
 Till something without me, or within,
 Can show the purpose for which I've been !"
 The Pebble could not its vow forget,
 And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

Hannah Gould.

A-bashed'—cast down.

Mun'-dane — belonging to the
 world, earthly.

Vaunt'-ing—boasting.

Au-gust'—grand, majestic.

Cum'-ber-er—a hindrance.

LESSON LVI.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

1. It is a dreadful night! The passengers are clustered, trembling, below. Every plank shakes ; and the oak ribs groan, as if they suffered with their toil. The hands are all aloft ; the captain is forward, shouting to the mate in the cross-trees, and I am clinging to one of the stanchions, by the binnacle.

2. The ship is pitching madly, and the waves are toppling up, sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and then dipping away with a whirl under our keel, that makes every timber in the vessel quiver.

3. The thunder is roaring like a thousand cannons ; and, at the moment, the sky is cleft with a stream of fire,

that glares over the tops of the waves, and glistens on the wet deck and the spars—lighting up all so plain, that I can see the men's faces in the main-top, and catch glimpses of the reefers on the yard-arm, clinging like death ; then all is horrible darkness.

4. The spray spits angrily against the canvas ; the waves crash against the weather-bow like mountains ; the wind howls through the rigging ; or, as a gasket gives way, the sail, filling out to leeward, splits with a sound like the crack of a musket.

5. I hear the captain in the lulls, screaming out orders ; and the mate in the rigging, screaming them over, until the lightning comes, and the thunder, deadening their voices as if they were chirping sparrows. In one of the flashes I see a hand upon the yard-arm lose his foothold, as the ship gives a plunge ; but his arms are clinched around the spar.

6. Before I can see any more the blackness comes, and the thunder, with a crash that half deafens me. I think I hear a low cry, as the mutterings die away in the distance ; and at the next flash of lightning, which comes in an instant, I see upon the top of one of the waves alongside the poor reefer who has fallen.

7. But he has caught at a loose bit of running rigging as he fell ; and I see it slipping off the coil upon the deck. I shout madly, " Man overboard ! " and catch the rope, when I can see nothing again. The sea is too high, and the man too heavy for me. I shout, and shout, and shout, and feel the perspiration starting in great beads from my forehead, as the line slips through my fingers.

8. Presently the captain feels his way aft, and takes hold with me; and the cook comes, as the coil is nearly spent, and we pull together upon him. It is desperate work for the sailor; for the ship is drifting at a prodigious rate; but he clings like a dying man.

9. By-and-by, at a flash, we see him on a crest, two oars' length away from the vessel. "Hold on, my man!" shouts the captain. "For God's sake, be quick!" says the poor fellow; and he goes down in a trough of the sea. We pull the harder, and the captain keeps calling to him to keep up courage, and hold strong. But, in the hush, we can hear him say, "I can't hold out much longer; I'm almost gone!"

10. Presently we have brought the man where we can lay hold of him, and are only waiting for a good lift of the sea to bring him up, when the poor fellow groans out, "It's no use; I can't. Good-bye!" A wave tosses the end of the rope clean upon the deck. The man is seen no more.

Mitchell.

Stan'-chions—upright supports of wood or iron.

Bin'-na-cle—a wooden case or box in which the steering apparatus is placed.

Keel—the bottom part of the ship.

Lulls—intervals of rest or calm.

Gas'-kets—the small ropes which are used to bind the sails, when furled, to the yard-arm.



LESSON LVII.

sauc'-er	heav'-i-er	dun'-geon	ex-per'-i-ment
fierce'-ly	trav'-el-ler	poi'-son-ous	suf'-fo-cāt-ed
breath'-ing	prin'-ci-ple	his-tor'-i-cal	mys-te'-rious

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

1. Not the least wonderful of common things is the air which we breathe, and without which we die. Perhaps you think that the air which you draw into your chest goes out unchanged ; but such is not the case. When you breathe it out again it has become poisonous to you, and to all animals.

2. A cruel ruler once proved this by shutting up a crowd of prisoners in a kind of cellar or dungeon to which very little fresh air was admitted. It was called the Black Hole of Calcutta. During the night these poor prisoners died from being poisoned by having to breathe over and over their own breaths.

3. This may seem strange to you, but it can be easily proved. The same process which goes on in the burning of a candle or fire goes on in your body. It is through the act of breathing that the heat is produced which makes and keeps you warm.

4. When you run or jump a great deal, you breathe faster than when you stand still. There is also more heat produced in your bodies. This heat is diffused all over your body by the blood which courses like hot water through all the pipes provided for it.

5. Remember, then, that what you see going on so fiercely in the fire or candle is also going on, but very slowly, in your bodies. In the place of a breathing animal we can therefore use a lighted candle, because in this respect the two are much alike. If we find that a lighted candle goes out in air which has been repeatedly breathed, then that air is not fit to support animal life.

6. Take a wax taper about an inch long, and place it upright in the middle of a saucer ; and then, after lighting it, cover it over with a clean glass tumbler, and wait the result. You will see that the taper will, in a minute or two, burn very dull, flicker, and then go quite out.

7. The reason why it will not burn any longer is because it has converted the good air into a kind of gas which will not support either fire or animal life. That part of the air which was necessary to the burning of the taper has been exhausted, and another kind of gas, called *carbonic acid*, has been formed. To prove this, another experiment may be tried before you disturb the tumbler.

8. Lift the saucer with the tumbler on it from the table ; and then, without allowing any air to get into the tumbler, reverse it so that the saucer will be on the top. Place the tumbler on the table, and taking another piece of taper, fix it on the end of a crooked wire. Light the wick, lift a side of the saucer and thrust in the taper.

9. What will be the result ? If you have not let too much fresh air into the tumbler, the flame of the taper will at once be put out. This proves that the air is poisonous, because that which extinguishes flame, if taken into the lungs, the organs of breathing, is fatal to animal life.

10. The same process which produced heat in the candle produces heat in your body, and that which prevents the process in the one prevents it also in the other. Remember this, whenever you are in a confined room or car, where many persons have breathed the air. Both you and the candle produce poisonous gas, and if you and it are excluded long from fresh air, you will die and the candle will go out.

11. The poisonous air or gas, which is left in the tumbler, does not fly out at the top when the saucer is removed; it remains settled in the glass; it is, therefore, heavier than common air. That is the reason why it is very apt to gather at the bottoms of deep cellars and wells, or other places which are not disturbed by draughts of fresh air.

12. In these places carbonic acid gas settles down, just as it settles down in the tumbler; and if ignorant men go down heedlessly into such places, they are very likely to be suffocated or poisoned by the gas.

13. For this reason, before going down into an old well or close cellar, men usually let down a lighted candle to the bottom, and, if the candle goes out, they know that the deadly gas is there. The experiment is like yours with the tumbler, only on a larger scale.

14. In Italy there is a grotto, or passage in a rock, into which men and women may pass with safety, and not be suffocated; but dogs, or any other animals of such small height, die if they are induced to enter. A traveller, many years ago, found this out, it is said, in the following manner:—

15. He was accustomed to go on foot, unaccompanied by any person, to examine objects of curiosity or historical interest. A favourite dog was his only companion, and went with him everywhere. Upon one occasion the traveller visited this mysterious cavern with the determination to explore it.

16. His dog, which was with him as usual, did not seem inclined to enter, but his master was of a very despotic temper, and after having tried a little persuasion, he resorted to force, and beat the poor dog because he would not follow him into the passage in the rock. But the dog, as you will see, had discovered that which was unknown to his cruel master.

17. Neither kind words nor harsh blows could induce the animal to enter the cave; so his master at last, to settle the matter, took his dumb companion in his arms, and carried him a short distance. Rover made no resistance while he was in his master's arms, and seemed to have overcome all his objections to the place, so that the traveller put him down upon the rocky floor.

18. But a mysterious change came over the poor dog immediately; he staggered and gasped for breath, and would have fallen, had not his master stooped to pick him up. After a moment or two in his master's arms the dog was well again, but showed, in every possible way, his dread of being again placed upon the bottom of the cave.

19. If the traveller could have put a lighted taper on the cavern floor, it would have immediately gone out; and he would then have known that there was a stream or layer of this poisonous carbonic acid gas lying upon the

cavern floor. When poor Rover was over head in it he could not breathe.

20. The traveller, if he had been no taller than Rover, could not have lived in the cavern, but being nearly six feet high, his head was in the pure air at the top of the cave, and he felt no difficulty in breathing. When also he raised Rover in his arms, the dog's nose was above the heavy gas which lay upon the floor, and then being able to breathe air which contained the vital, or life-supporting, principle, the dog was comfortable and well.



Dif-fused' — spread abroad or	Des-pot'ic —determined to have
about.	his own way.



LESSON LVIII.

THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE.

1. Time was when I was free as air,
 The thistle's downy seed my fare,
 My drink the morning dew ;
 I perched at will on every spray,
 My form genteel, my plumage gay,
 My strains for ever new.

2. But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
 And form genteel, were all in vain,
 And of a transient date ;
 For caught, and caged, and starved to death,
 In dying sighs my little breath
 Soon passed the wiry grate.

3. Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
 And thanks for this effectual close
 And cure of every ill !
 More cruelty could none express,
 And I, if you had shown me less,
 Had been your prisoner still.

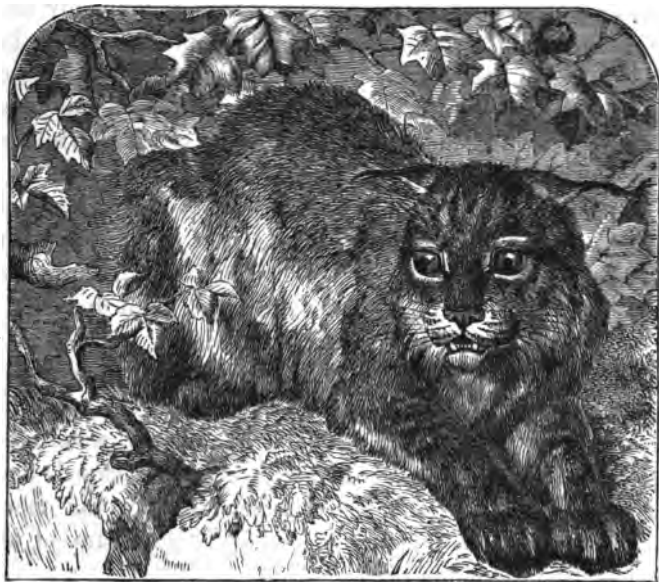
Cowper.

Trans'-ient—of short duration.
 Ef-fect -u-al—real, complete.

“Wiry grate”—the bars of the
 cage.

LESSON LIX.

howl'-ings au'-di-ble in-di-vid'-u-al un-doubt'-ed-ly
cent'-u-ry tām'-a-ble for'-mid-a-ble do-mes'-tic-a-ted



THE LYNX.

1. The lynx resembles the wild cat in some respects, but attains to a much greater size, often measuring from three to four feet from the tip of its nose to the root of its tail. It is readily distinguished from the cat by the shortness of its tail, which does not exceed six to nine inches ;

by its longer legs, and long pointed ears—each with a tuft of long stiff hair at its tip, and by the length of the fur on the cheeks.

2. The lynx is found chiefly in Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Northern Asia, and occasionally in the mountainous districts of Central Europe. It is undoubtedly the most dangerous and destructive beast of prey now left in Europe. The Russian wolves may be, on the whole, worse enemies, but they hunt in packs, and are only dangerous in numbers. A single wolf is a sorry coward, while a lynx is a truly formidable antagonist.

3. While he succeeds in finding food in the forests and gorges of the high mountains, he does not attempt to shift his quarters, but lives alone with his mate, and betrays his presence by horrible howlings, audible at a great distance.

4. He only quits his chosen solitude at the last extremity, and mounts on a branch, where he crouches at full length among the foliage, which half hides without incommoding him. With eye and ear on the watch, he remains whole days motionless, with eyes half closed, and in a state of apparent sleep, which is only the more dangerous, for then he is most completely cognisant of all that is passing around him.

5. The lynx lives by stratagem. Like the cats, he has not a particularly fine sense of smell, and his pace is not sufficiently rapid to allow him to pursue his prey. His patience and the skill with which he creeps noiselessly bring him close up to his victim. More patient than the fox, he is less cunning; less hardy than the wolf, he leaps better and can resist famine longer. He is not so strong

as the bear, but keeps a better look-out, and has sharper sight.

6. His strength resides chiefly in his feet, jaws, and neck. He prefers to make his hunting as easy as possible, and only chooses his victim when food abounds. Every animal he can reach with one of his bounds, which rarely miss their aim, is lost and devoured; if he misses, he allows the animal to escape, and returns to crouch in his post of observation, without showing his disappointment.

7. If he comes upon a flock of goats or sheep, he approaches, dragging himself along the ground, like a snake, then raises himself, and with a bound falls on the back of his victim, and kills it instantaneously. So bloodthirsty is his nature, that a single individual has been known to destroy forty sheep in a few weeks.

8. Fortunately for the inhabitants, this plague is now nearly extinct in Central Europe. It is extremely rare in the Alps, though it was tolerably common thirty or forty



CANADIAN LYNX.

years ago. The lynx, when caught young, is said to be quite tamable, but the domesticated animal is liable to die of over-fatness. Its flesh is eaten in Siberia, but the skin is the part on which the greatest value is set. It has a very beautiful hide, and in Siberia, where the greatest value is obtained, each one costs from one to two pounds on the spot. The skin of the fore-feet is sold separately, and fetches from eight to twelve shillings. A lynx skin is worth three of the sable, six of the wolf, twelve of the fox, and a hundred of the squirrel.

Ant-ag'-on-ist—an opponent.
In-com-mōd'-ing—making uncomfortable.
Strat'-a-gem—tricks, scheming.

Cogn'-is-ant—knowing, having a knowledge.
In-stan-ta'-ne-ous-ly—in an instant, at once.

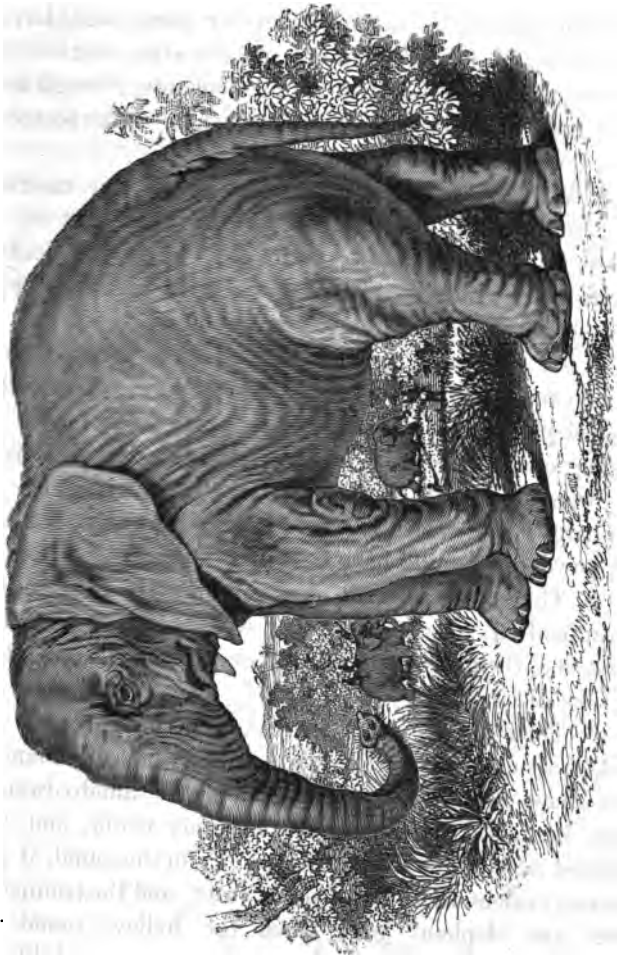
LESSON LX.

judg'-ment	su-pēr'-i-or	pro-dig'-i-ous	un-trav'-elled
cam'-paign	re-luct'-ant	con-ceiv'-ing	e-vent'-u-al-ly
ut'-tered	ap-pealed'	pro-pri'-e-tor	ap-pre'-ci-a-ting
har'-nessed	ca-ress'-ing	de-tach'-ment	re-mon'-strance

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

I.

1. We had a striking example of an elephant's sagacity a few days after our attempt to secure a rogue elephant.
2. We had proposed having some wild boar shooting



THE ELEPHANT.

at a place five miles distant from our camp, and, having sent on our rifles and servants, we ourselves went to the rendezvous on two borrowed riding elephants, through some sugar-cane plantations and country where we expected to get a few shots at partridges.

3. We had arrived within half a mile of our meeting-place, and were in a rather wild untravelled part of the valley, going along at a good pace, when the leading elephant, on which I was seated with two friends, stopped dead short, almost sending the driver off his head.

4. At the same moment he uttered a peculiar noise, which caused the other elephant to stop also. The hindermost elephant then cautiously came up to a level with the leading one, and both began examining the ground in front. We were in a path bounded by trees, through which the elephants, by themselves, could have gone easily, but with the howdahs it would have been impossible.

5. The driver of each elephant stupidly tried to urge his animal on. Fortunately they were not to be persuaded. First one, then the other, put a foot forward, leaning back as they did so.

6. Then my elephant uttered a peculiar sound, and looked about for something, which he eventually found in the shape of a stone weighing about a hundredweight. This he raised up in the air with his trunk, and then allowed it to fall on the pathway. From the sound, it then became evident there was a pit in front, and the trumpeting noise the elephant gave when the hollow sound and indentations of the ground proved him to be right, was delicious in its expressiveness.

7. By repeating this manœuvre several times, he discovered the size and shape of the pit, and eventually managed to pass on one side. When it is remembered that all this was done without a word of assistance or encouragement from the driver—who appeared to have less intelligence than the animal he was driving—I think it will be allowed this elephant displayed a superior instinct and judgment than has yet been recorded of any other animal, not excepting the dog.

II.

8. A great English general, in one of his East Indian campaigns, was abruptly made to halt on the march by a subaltern's running to tell him that a strong detachment of the enemy had taken up such a formidable position on a neighbouring height as to defy all the efforts of infantry to detach them.

9. He immediately ordered up the artillery. The first gun sent for was one of unusual magnitude and calibre. The elephant attached to it, being too hard pressed by his driver, floundered headlong into a deep morass, and carried the great gun with him. It had been as much as the poor brute could do to drag it along the plain; but to extricate it from the bog into which it had been plunged was quite beyond his powers.

10. In this dilemma, the choicest of the breed were selected. Each strained every nerve to drag out the cannon, but without success. At last, one of the staff said to the general, "We shall never succeed unless —— will lend us his elephant," naming a particular native, the

owner of an elephant of extraordinary power, which was generally employed as a sumpter.

11. The proprietor and his beast were instantly sent for. The man, reluctant as he was to put undue stress on his favourite, nevertheless, appreciating the emergency, stripped off the howdah from the elephant's back, and, having harnessed him to the gun, signed to him to pull it out of the bog into which it had sunk.

12. The willing creature tugged and tugged, but failed to move it. His master, who had reared and nourished him, and who lived with him on terms of familiarity, appealed to him by every name of endearment he could think of, to put forth his utmost strength. The animal at first showed signs of distress, and then remained passive and motionless, his instinct telling him that the required task was beyond his strength.

13. At last, however, on his master's caressing him, and appealing to him as if he were a rational being, saying, "Come, dear, if you love me, pull!" the fond brute, casting a reproachful glance at the master whom he so much loved, bellowed forth a prodigious cry, as of remonstrance, made one more tremendous effort, and succeeded in dragging the gun on to dry land; but, at the next instant, he dropped dead at his master's feet, a martyr to love and fidelity.

14. The poor man, conceiving himself to have caused the death of his best friend, under a sudden and uncontrollable impulse of grief and remorse, stabbed himself to the heart, and poured forth his last breath on the body of the faithful animal. Extravagant as it may appear to

those who have never visited the East, to be told that a dumb animal could understand the significance of man's language, those familiar with the ways of elephants will be ready to yield implicit credence to the fact.

"Rogue Elephant"—Elephants usually live in herds; but occasionally one is found living a solitary wandering life. Such a one is called a rogue elephant.

Ben'-dez-vous—place of meeting.

How'-dah—a seat on the elephant's back.

Man-œu'-vre—particular action or movement.

Pred'-a-tory—pillaging, plundering.

Sub-al'-tern—an inferior or subordinate officer.

Mo-rass'—wet, marshy land.

Ex'-tri-cate—to set free.

Di-lem'-ma—a difficulty, a doubtful choice.

Sump'-ter—an animal that carries packs or burdens.

E-mer'-gen-cy—an occasion calling for immediate action.

Ra'-tion-al—endowed with reason.

Fi-del'-i-ty—faithfulness.

Cre'-dence—belief, faith.

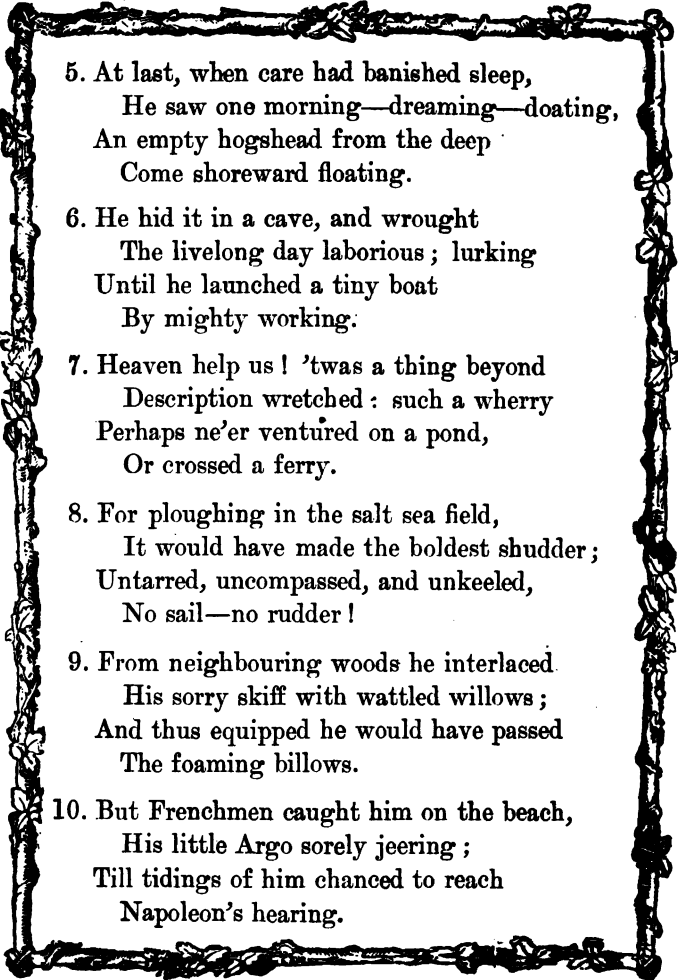


LESSON LXI.

so'-journ	un-tarred'	in-ter-laced'
doat'-ing.	un-keeled'	im-pass'-ioned
float'-ing	e-quipped'	un-com-passed'

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

1. Napoleon's banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman ;
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.
2. They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.
3. His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy—*they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.
4. A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

- 
5. At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.
6. He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious ; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.
7. Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.
8. For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder !
9. From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.
10. But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

11. With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger :
12. "Rash man, that would'st yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned !
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."
13. "I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;
"But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."
14. "And so thou shalt !" Napoleon said ;
"Ye've both my favour fairly won :
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."
15. He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.
16. Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty ;
Yet never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonapartè.

Campbell.

LESSON LXII.

grav'-elled

cru'-ci-ble

de-sign'

HALFPENCE AND FARTHING.

A VISIT TO THE MINT.

1. Not far from the famous Tower of London, among the busy streets of houses, shops, and warehouses, there stands a large building of grey stone, with a broad gravelled space in front, and high iron railings along by the street.

2. Inside the railings there is a moat, where—wonder of wonders in the heart of London!—water-lilies float on the surface in summer, with their white cups looking up to the smoky sky. At each end of the long row of iron railings are the gates of the Mint, guarded by soldiers in towering black fur caps, red coats, and white kilts.

3. Now let us go in and see how the money is made. We pass the red-coated soldiers—who must be so tired of walking up and down—enter by the gate at the end of the moat where the water-lilies lie, cross the great open space, and, entering the building, walk right through it, and out at the back into a yard, which separates the various work-rooms from each other.

4. *Melting Room* is painted on the first door that is unlocked for us. We expect to find it very hot inside, but we ourselves don't melt when we go in, though there are seven or eight furnaces here in a long bricked range, the fire in each being hidden from sight by a round cover, and

the covers are beginning to grow red-hot, as if the light was shining through them.

5. To-day is to be a day of halfpence. They are melting down copper in those furnaces. When it has been long enough in to be made liquid by the heat, a man takes off the cover, while another sets machinery in motion, and a



crane in the middle of the room swings round its great iron arm into the fiery hole.

6. From the end of this beam the chain hangs down and brings up a heavy crucible out of the furnace full of the molten, glowing metal. Round swings the crane again, and lowers it at the place where the metal is to be poured out into the moulds.

7. Then this gigantic pot is turned slightly over, while the moulds are passed one by one underneath its edge. Out flows the copper like a stream of fire, hissing and scattering sparks. Up rush the flames, three, four feet into the air. The workmen stand by and listen, knowing by the sound of the flow when each mould is full to the top. They are pouring out liquid fire like water pours from a tap. One drop of it would burn to the bone. But the fire is copper, and by-and-by it will be cold bright halfpence.

8. When the metal cools, it comes out of the moulds in long narrow plates, about the breadth of your hand and the thickness of threepence in coppers. These are taken to the *Rolling Room*, and there, by being passed through several pairs of heavy steel rollers driven by steam, they become about three times as long as they were a little while ago, and only as thick as a halfpenny.

9. Next we go to the *Cutting-out Room*. There, with a thunder of machinery, in which one has to talk at the very top of one's voice to make a word heard, the long thin strips of copper are being passed into a machine, and coming out at the other side with two lines of holes close together all along them, each hole being the size of a halfpenny.

10. In passing through, the pieces are cut out by a heavy blow from a round sharp edge, and they fall down into a locked box underneath, from which they are taken afterwards—heaps of little pieces of copper-like coins, blank on each side. All the waste copper, the long strips that are now only corners and edges with round holes

between, are sent back again to be melted down with the rest in the crucible.

11. Turning to another part of the room, we see a piece of machinery at work, giving to the blank halfpence that raised edge that you will notice on all copper coins. Each in passing out of the machine gets a squeeze, only for a moment, but so strong that the edge is pressed up all round, and it is shot away to make room for another. In this way they slide down the groove, and are sent out with their edges made at the rate of seven hundred in a minute. If the man puts his hand in the way of the stream of flying halfpence he has it full in a few moments.

12. After seeing this process, which is one of the prettiest to watch, we leave the noisy room, and go to another part of the building, to see what is done next with the halfpence.

13. The cutting out and the pressing up of their edges have made them too hard for stamping, so they have to be softened by heating in a blast furnace. Then they are cooled by being thrown into a tank of water, and dried again in sawdust, which is in little tubs on the tables.

14. Now for the last important process, stamping—putting the Queen's head on one side of them and Britannia with her shield, spear, and helmet, on the other. Talk of thunder in the cutting-out room, never was there such thunder of iron, such crashing and banging as here! You might shout as loud as you liked, and all that would be heard would be a low voice, perhaps only a murmur, with a word here and there.

15. Down the whole length of the room are tremendous

stamping machines. The stamp itself, or, as it is properly called, the die, is made of steel, and has on it the same design which is to be on the coin, with this difference, that while on the coin it is to be raised out, on the die it is sunken in the metal.

16. Two of these dies are placed in each machine, to mark the two sides of the coin, and it rests on one of them while the other is stamped down upon it like a seal. The blow, which descends with the force of forty tons, thus finishes both sides of the coin at the same moment.

17. But such heavy work wears out the dies themselves in about an hour. The moment they begin to get worn they have to be replaced by new ones, for, of course, a die in the least battered would not make a perfect finely-cut impression on the coins. In this way a great many of them are used in the day, so they have to be made in another part of the building, and then there are always plenty of new ones at hand as fast as they are wanted.

18. Let us watch the stamping machine a little longer. What a vast structure of iron it is, stretching right up to the ceiling, and doing its work all by itself. Worked by steam power from outside the room, it labours steadily, swiftly, with such a noise as might be if the world was tumbling to pieces. One by one it pushes in the coins between the dies, then, withdrawing the piece of iron that brought it, it drops each there, stamps it, and sends it sliding out finished ; and this goes on so fast that there is always one running down into the tray, and another following it, and another just going to come.

19. How bright they are, even brighter than those that

you call new, because these are not only fresh from the Mint, but have this very moment been marked with the figure of Britannia, and the head of Her Majesty. There is a tray of them here near the stamping press, thousands of halfpence heaped together, glittering like gold.

20. But how were they made so bright? All the blank ones that we saw in sacks in that room where the sawdust was, and freshly made in the cutting room, were as dull as copper nails. It was certainly by that one blow between the dies that they were brightened as well as stamped. You know that if you scratch a coin the marks shine. Well, this is much the same thing; for the great force with which these are struck does to the whole of the surface as you do to a part by the sharp pressure of a pin.

21. Or to take the case of making a seal, which this process is very like. When you have poured your sealing-wax upon the paper, and stamp it, you raise the stamp, and find that the impression has a high polish like glass. So it is with stamping the coins, only it is the weight of machinery, driven by steam-power, that marks the cold metal as you can mark hot wax with a seal.

22. The gold and silver coins are made in very much the same way, but with different machinery; and they, being of precious metals, have to be weighed when they are finished, to see if they contain exactly the right amount.

23. In the *Weighing Room* several small machines, encased in glass, are set along the tables, and under each there is a box divided into three partitions. When the machine is working, a pile of shillings is laid along the

groove on top of it. All the rest it does by itself. One by one they fall down on the balance, which drops the light coins into one partition of the box below, the heavy ones into another, and all that are of the right weight into a third. Only three or four shillings out of every hundred are too light or too heavy, and have to be melted down again.

24. The work goes on so fast at the Mint, that, when they are making coppers, they can turn out from five to six hundred pounds' worth in a day. Fancy six hundred pounds' worth of coppers, new and shining! How many coins would there be? There is a sum for you! "Ah! but you haven't told us whether it's halfpence or pence." No; suppose then that half is in halfpence, a quarter in pence, and a quarter in bright little farthings. How many would they have to make then to have six hundred pounds' worth to tie up in canvas sacks in the evening?



PENNY OF EDWARD I.

LESSON LXIII.

ef-fect'-ed př'-ci-pice dis-man'-tled en-thu'-si-asm
in'-ci-dent sur-vey'-ing af-fright'-ed at-tain'-a-ble

CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

A.D. 1312.

1. Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, nephew of Robert Bruce, stirred to enthusiasm, it is said, by the successes of his uncle, and more especially by the capture in his behalf of the formidable castle of Roxburgh, which had been gallantly effected by Sir James Douglas, was desirous that he might personally share in these victories; so finding that Edinburgh Castle still remained in the hands of the enemy, he determined that he would himself essay the task of reducing that stronghold.

2. Randolph's resolution was no sooner made than he prepared to carry it into immediate execution, and accordingly, within a week, he had mustered his followers together, and marched to Edinburgh, and surrounded the castle at its base on every side.

3. But now began the difficulties of the undertaking, and how great these were is apparent, when we remember that there was not merely the almost unattainable situation of the fortress on the summit of the rock above to contend with, but that there was also a numerous and well-equipped garrison guarding it, and fully prepared to brave to the death any attempt that might be made to take away the

one remaining stronghold in Scotland that the English possessed.

4. Of the danger to which his enterprise was thus exposed Randolph must have been well aware, and whether he would have succeeded by ordinary means in carrying



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

it out is rather doubtful. As it was, however, an opportunity, as unlooked-for as it was welcome was afforded to him for accomplishing his purpose.

5. One day, we are told, as the earl was surveying with anxious eye the castle that frowned upon his camp below, he was accosted by one of his own followers, a brave and

faithful soldier named William Frank, whose father had formerly been constable of the fortress: "Methinks, my lord," said he, "it is your will to devise some plan for entering yonder castle. Know you that I can show how, with no greater aid than a twelve-foot ladder, your wish may be fulfilled. In a day long past, I lived within the fort we look upon, and oft-times, wishful to visit the town by night, it was my wont to lower myself from the wall with a ladder of ropes, by a secret path to descend the cliffs, and then before dawn drew near to return in the same manner. Say, my lord, will you go with me as guide, that in like fashion trial be made by us to reach our goal?"

6. The proposal was, it is said, received with joy, Frank being promised ample reward in the event of the plan proving successful, and no time was now lost in preparing for the undertaking, which was to be carried out by thirty picked men, commanded by the earl in person.

7. It was on a dark and stormy night in the spring of 1312 that the gallant little party, all sheathed in armour, set out, and appearing at the foot of the castle cliff, began, under Frank's conductorship, the perilous ascent along a path which is described as being "fitter for a cat than a man." Higher they went, from crag to crag, the precipice getting steeper and steeper, the danger becoming greater and greater every moment. A single stone dislodged, or a word spoken by them, would have alarmed the guard and caused their instant destruction; so it was necessary to creep stealthily on with the utmost caution.

8. At last, when they had accomplished about half

their journey, they found a large flat spot, where they rested for a moment to recover breath and prepare for the rest, and the even more difficult part, of their task. They could now distinctly hear above them the watchmen of the castle going their rounds, and they were therefore obliged to keep close together to escape observation.

9. At this juncture a singular incident, and one that for the moment must have struck terror even into the heart of the brave earl, took place. While they were seated in their halting-place, it so chanced that one of the English sentinels, as a mere joke, and quite without suspicion that an enemy was so near, took a large stone from a heap that for defensive purposes was kept on the rampart, and hurled it over the cliff, crying out, as he did so, "Aha, I see you well!"

10. Fortunately no damage was done by the missile, for, bounding down the precipice, it passed over the heads of the intrepid Scots as they sat in their little nook in the rock; nor did the latter, though, it must be confessed, rather affrighted, fail to stay perfectly quiet until they should see the course which events were likely to take.

11. Again, save the bleak wind that desolately howled around the terrible rock, only the regular tramp of the guards was audible; and again, all appearance of danger having passed away, the earl and his companions continued the ascent, and after a time reached the foot of the outer rampart in safety.

12. Delay on their part would now have been most dangerous, and this the earl well knew; so quick as thought the ladder they had brought with them was fixed

against the wall—at that point only about twice a man's height; one by one, led by Frank the guide, the assailants mounted it; and then, before the castle troops could be fully alarmed, they, raising their war-cry, leaped wildly into the fortress, and ere long, in spite of the valiant defence that was made, succeeded in destroying the entire garrison, and possessed themselves of the prize which they had risked so much to capture.

13. By order of Robert Bruce, the fortifications of the castle were forthwith demolished, so that it might not again be of use to a hostile power, and for twenty-four years it remained a dismantled ruin.

Es-say'—attempt, endeavour.
Mus'-tered—gathered.

Ap-par'-ent—clear, easily seen.
In-trep'-id—brave, fearless.

LESSON LXIV.

flut'-tered

shield'-ing

e-late'

WATCH AND WAIT.

1. In the green forest I heard an oak sigh,
 "I am leafless and hollow, dear world, good-bye."
2. Whispered a soft breeze passing so near,
 "While sweet life is left there is use for all here—"
3. "For all things on earth, early or late,
 If they only are willing to watch and to wait."



4. Still the oak fretted,
fluttered, and cried,
"What use? I am hollow,
all hollow inside."
5. Came by a maiden fair,
sweet four years old,
Her bright face, all rosy,
crowned with soft gold.
6. Strayed in the forest
through the long day,
Strayed till the sunshine
turned to cold grey.
7. Strayed till the pink
cheek faded to white;
Strayed till the little feet
failed her quite;
8. Strayed till the daisies folded
to rest,
And each tiny birdie lay still
in its nest.
9. Oh, for a shelter shielding from cold!
One stood all ready, a tree bent and old.
10. Into its hollow heart baby-girl crept,
There, on a bed of leaves, peacefully slept.
11. Slept in its shadow, shaded from ill,
While the pale moonlight beamed holy and still.

12. Slept while the nightingale sang its last song ;
Slept in sweet safety all the night long.
13. With the first dawning mother came nigh,
Grief in her troubled heart, tears in her eye.
14. " Baby ! my baby-girl ! lost, lost, I fear ! "
Answered a laughing voice, " Mother, I'm here !
15. " Here, in a pretty bed hid in a tree ;
Kind fairies made it ready for me.
16. " Lined it with mosses as though they had known
Mother's wee darling must sleep here alone."
17. She laid her red lips on the oak, brown and dry,
And, kissing it softly, said, " Old tree, good-bye."
18. The faded leaves fluttered with pleasure elate,
" There is use for the weakest that watch and that
wait."

LESSON LXV.

for'-feit'-ed
in-scribed'

vig'-il-ance
in'-tri-cate

de-spached'
en-a'-bled

THE STORY OF THE SILK-MILL.

1. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century nearly all the silk thread that was used in England was procured from Italy. The Italians had, some years previously, been fortunate enough to invent wonderful machinery which enabled them to manufacture the article

at a price which was very much lower than that at which it could be produced elsewhere.

2. They had contrived to keep the secret of this among themselves for a long time, and it seemed as if they would still continue to do so. That they knew how valuable it was, and what injury would be caused to them by its exposure, is very certain; for the Government actually caused special laws to be passed respecting it, whereby it was ordered that any person who attempted to discover anything relating to it should be put to death, all his goods forfeited, and his name and crime publicly inscribed for ever on the prison walls.

3. At the time of which we are writing John Lombe and his brother were silk merchants in London, and, as their business was being seriously affected by the great success of the Italian machinery, it was hardly surprising that they should feel dissatisfied. They had been thinking for some months in what way they could secure the same advantages as the Italians were reaping; but for a long time had not seen any prospect of obtaining them.

4. At length, however, it had suddenly occurred to John—the younger of the two brothers, then only twenty years of age—whether it would not be possible for him, in spite of the severe laws, to visit Italy, and, by some means, find out the secret which they so much coveted. It was not unusual at this time for the English merchants engaged in the silk trade to send their sons and apprentices to that country to study the different branches of the business.

5. The result was that John, pretending to be acting according to the usual custom, but having really a far deeper object in view—namely, to find out what the

machinery was really like—resolved to go; and he set out for the town of Leghorn in the year 1715. It was a bold and dangerous undertaking; but John's courage and perseverance were not unrewarded, as we shall see.

6. After his arrival in Italy, John did not lose any time before commencing to carry out the plans which he had set himself to accomplish; and before very long he was enabled to pay a visit to the famous silk works. But so much precaution was taken by the Italians in showing the machinery—it being only exhibited when in action, and then only for a few minutes—that it was impossible for him to easily understand such complicated work.

7. But he did not despair; and he now bethought himself of a novel plan for accomplishing his object, which was to make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of the priest, who was intimately known to the owner of the works; and this he found no difficulty in doing.

8. There can be no doubt, however, that he paid a large sum of money to this priest for his assistance; for, we are told, that within a short time John was introduced by him to the principal of the works, disguised as a poor youth out of employ, and armed with a good character for honesty and industry.

9. Through this scheme John was engaged to attend to what was called a spinning engine in the mill, close to the very machine that he so longed to examine; and, curious to relate, his poor and mean appearance procured for him also sleeping accommodation near the same spot. He could not have wished for a better opportunity for carrying out his plans, though, as you may imagine, his

danger was very great, for had his design been detected, he would certainly have been punished with death.

10. He now made use of every moment that he could to study the intricate works of the mill; and when everybody was sleeping, he would come out from the dark hole under the stairs in which he slept, and, with the aid of tinder-box, dark lantern, wax candles, and mathematical instruments (which were secreted during the day), would, night after night, apply himself to the task of making drawings of each section of the vast machinery.

11. It is related that as the drawings were completed, they were conveyed to the priest, and through him they were forwarded to John's agents in another part of Italy, who despatched them to England hidden away in bales of silk. From these designs that John had drawn was erected the first silk mill in this country.

12. Although John had now finished all his drawings, he could not leave the works until he knew that he could escape at once to this country. At length, however, the time came when a ship was ready to sail for England, and then he hastened on board.

13. But the Italians were soon suspicious as to the cause of his absence, and a brig was sent in pursuit; but the English vessel proved to be the faster of the two, and he was enabled to escape in safety, the object of his journey fully accomplished.

14. After his return to England, John Lombe, of course, gave his close attention to the erection of the mill of which we have spoken; but he did not live to see it completed. He died at the early age of twenty-nine.

LESSON LXVI.

ar-rived~
lei'-sure

in-creas'-ing
pierc'-ing

dis-cuss'-ing
as-sert'-ion

A MONKEY'S STORY.

1. I am a monkey, a little brown monkey, with a black tip to my tail. I used to be very proud of that black tip when I was free in the woods of my native land.

2. My first recollection of events is, that I was lying on some soft leaves watching a little black spot close beside me. I remember clutching at it, and as I did so it moved. Again I clutched at it, and again it escaped me. I then got up, and chased it round and round, and when at last I caught it, what should it be but the end of my tail, that pretty little black tip.

3. As I grew older my great delight was to go on long nutting expeditions with my bosom friends Marl and Merleen. Marl was a beautiful black monkey, considered by his relations to be very handsome. Merleen was a good-tempered old soul, but with rather peculiar ideas, the chief of these being his notion that monkeys are descended from men.

4. Perhaps you would like to hear an adventure which happened to me in my youth, and which, though not very important, I shall never forget. Just as I had finished washing myself one fine morning, and was beginning to feel that I should like breakfast, I saw Marl coming

towards our tree. This surprised me, as he was usually by no means an early riser.

5. While I was still wondering to what I was indebted for a visit from him at that time in the day, he came up, and after wishing me good-morning, told me that he had the day before discovered some fine nuts, which he wished to enjoy with me ; but that, as they were at some distance, we must start early that we might not be hurried. To this I willingly agreed, and, having made a hasty meal, was soon ready to set out.

6. The morning was cool, and we chatted merrily as we bounded on, enjoying the fresh air, and looking forward with pleasure to our expected feast. The time passed so very quickly that I could scarcely believe Marl's assertion when he said that we had accomplished more than half the distance.

7. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and then exclaimed, "Do look down there, Macaco ! what do you imagine that ugly creature can be !"

I glanced in the direction to which he was pointing, and there I beheld what I had often heard described, but had never before actually seen—a man !

8. "Is that really a man ?" asked Marl, when I told him my impression. "What fun ! Let us watch him."

"Certainly," I replied. "I only wish Merleen were here ; but see, the creature is going towards our home, Merleen may yet catch sight of him !"

9. "I hope he will," said Marl ; "I cannot understand how he can gravely assert we were ever like that thing. Look ! he has not so much as a tail, and his clumsy feet

have no toes. I should like to see him up a tree! Do you think it would be possible for him to get down without breaking his neck?"

10. As the man walked on we had leisure to examine him thoroughly. He was carrying on his back a large box, and apparently belonged to that class of men which are (as I have since learned) termed pedlars.

11. We were still discussing his appearance when he arrived close to our tree. By this time the sun was piercing even the thick foliage by which it was surrounded, so that I was not at all surprised when the man removed the box from his back and sat down. He then, having opened it, drew forth one of the number of caps which I now saw it contained. This he placed on his head, and, having stretched his limbs on the grass, was soon fast asleep.

12. As we were watching him, Marl exclaimed, "Why should we not try on one of these caps? He has left the box open!" I declaring myself perfectly ready for anything which promised fun, we crept softly down, took a cap apiece, and climbed up again.

13. We had scarcely done so when several of our friends arrived, and, on learning the state of the case, also descended for caps. Then old Merleen came towards us, and I shall never forget the look of his dear old face as he silently placed one on his head, remarking as he did so, "There was a time, before we rose to be monkeys, when we were just such creatures as that man. Now, if he were to stay long enough in these woods his tail would grow, and at last he would become just like one of us."

14. While we were talking, the man awoke, and seeing

his property on our heads, seemed very angry. After a moment, seizing his remaining cap, he threw it at me. Happily it missed me, and caught on a branch ; but I, as well as my companions, felt justly indignant at such an insult.

15. We accordingly returned the compliment, and hurled our caps at the man. This, instead of increasing his anger, as we expected, appeared to amuse him greatly, for he sat down and laughed as I had not believed a man could be capable of laughing, and then returned the caps to the box.

16. However, he lost that which hung in the tree, for Merleen seized it, and, placing it on his head, declared that he would henceforth wear a cap, in order that none of us might ever forget our origin.



LESSON LXVII.

plān'-ing	cir'-cling	en-cir'-cled	im-ag'-in-a-ble
fā'-bric	coax'-ing	bal'-anced	vol-un-teered'

THE SWALLOW PARTY.

1. Two barn swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring-time. Their busy; earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building-spot; but, as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and hammering, sawing, and planing were frequently going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof.

2. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open doorway. I was delighted, and spent much time in watching them. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love; the mother-bird was so busy and important, and her mate was so attentive. He scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love.

3. Sometimes he would bring in a straw or a hair to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed



SWALLOWS AND NEST.

as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

4. During the process of incubation he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day he would, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs he would take her place, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. When the young ones came forth he shared in the mother's toil, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

5. When the young became old enough to fly, it was delightful to watch their manœuvres. Such chirping and twittering—such diving down from the nest, and flying up again—such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while—such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

6. For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all the talking and twittering were of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and, alarmed at the wide space around them, sank down into the nest again.

7. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbours. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled by a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chattered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and

balanced, and floated in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

8. The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, as if they would have said, "It is pretty sport, but we cannot do it."

9. Three times the neighbours came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, till they alighted on a small log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! the air was filled with their joy! Some flew round, swift as a ray of light; others perched on the hoe-handle and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall; and two were swinging, in the most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party.

10. The whole family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. Then they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbours. It was painful to me to think that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.

Mrs. Child.

Crotch—a hook, or fork.

Drá'-ma—representation, picture.

Pen'-dent—hanging.

In-cu-ba'-tion—sitting on eggs
for the purpose of hatching the
young.

LESSON LXVIII.

twitch'-ing
neigh'-ing

gal'-loped
dis'-ci-pline

im-plic'-it-ly
dis-en-cum'-ber

THE WILD HORSES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

1. At the time of the discovery of America there were no wild horses in any part of that continent, although the



WILD HORSE.

boundless prairies were admirably fitted for the support of countless herds. Soon, however, those imported by the settlers strayed away, and as a consequence are now to be met with in enormous numbers, in some cases amounting, it is said, to ten thousand in one troop.

2. They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, whom they implicitly obey. When threatened with danger, at some signal, understood by them all, they either close into a dense mass, and trample their enemy to death, or, placing the mares and foals in the centre, they form themselves into a circle and welcome him with their heels. The leader first faces the danger, and when prudence requires a retreat all follow his rapid flight.

3. Byron thus describes a troop of wild horses :—

“ A trampling troop ; I see them come !
In one vast squadron they advance !
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;
But where are they the reins to guide ?
A thousand horse—and none to ride !
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea.
On came the troop . . .
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly.”

4. The capture and breaking in of wild horses in America are described by Miers as follows :—“The lasso is a missile weapon used by every native of the United Provinces and Chili. It is a very strong plaited thong of equal thickness, half an inch in diameter, and forty feet long, made of many stripes of green hide, plaited like a whip-thong, and rendered supple by grease. It has at one end an iron ring, above an inch and a half in diameter, through which the thong is passed, and this forms a running noose.

5. “The Guacho, or native peon, is generally mounted

on horseback when he uses the lasso. One end of the thong is affixed to his saddle-girth; the remainder he coils carefully in his left hand, leaving about twelve feet belonging to the noose end in a coil, and a half of which he holds in his right hand. He then swings this long noose horizontally round his head, the weight of the iron ring at the end of the noose assisting in giving to it, by a continued circular motion, a sufficient force to project it the whole length of the line."

6. The Guachos drive the wild horses into a corral, which is a circular space surrounded by rough posts firmly driven into the ground. The corral, relates Miers, "was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones about two or three years old. The chief Guacho, mounted on a strong, steady horse, rode into the corral, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to lose his comrades; but the moment he was forced out of the corral his first idea was to gallop away; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him in the most effectual way.

7. "The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his fore legs, just above the fetlock, and twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly that I really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a Guacho was seated on his head, and with his long knife, in a few seconds, cut off the whole of the horse's mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail: this, they told me, was a mark that the horse had been once mounted. They then put a piece of hide in

his mouth to serve for a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head.

8. "The Guacho who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp, and while two men held the horse by his ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the horse's ear, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle; upon which the man who held the horse by the halter threw the end to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of an English horse; however, the Guacho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider.

9. "Another horse was immediately brought from the corral; and so quick was the operation that twelve Guachos were mounted in a space which, I think, hardly exceeded an hour.

10. "It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the Guachos were girding the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in unnatural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

11. "It was now curious to look around and see the Guachos on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there that they were unwilling to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses; they were jumping and dancing in different ways, while the right arm of the Guachos was seen flogging them.

12. "At last they brought the horses back, apparently subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the young horses trotted off towards the corral, neighing to one another.

13. "When the Guacho wishes to take a wild horse, he mounts one that has been used to the sport and gallops over the plain. As soon as he comes near his victim, the lasso is thrown round the two hind legs, and as the Guacho rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side without endangering his knees or his face.

14. "Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching his *poncho*, or cloak, from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head.

15. "He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and bestriding him, removes the poncho; upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours by a thousand vain efforts to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience that he is soon trained to lend his

whole speed and strength to the capture of his companions."

Prai-ries—vast grassy plains.

Miss'ile—that which may be
thrown.

Ho-ri'-zon—in the distance, where
the sky and the earth seem to
meet.

Sup-ple—easily bent.

LESSON LXIX.

singed

fal'-tered

fu'-gi-tives

rid'-dled

re-versed'

dis-solv'-ing

THE LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

1. The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle.

2. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendour, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance.

3. Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe ; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

4. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, then the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down ; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

5. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines.

6. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain

flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose, and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

7. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavoured to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks.

8. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ; and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star, that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

J. T. Headley.

Su-bli'-mer—grander.

En-san-guined—blood-stained.

Re-coiled'—turned back.

Zen'-ith—the point in the heavens directly overhead.

Al-lied'—united by treaty.

Re-flu'-ent—flowing back.

LESSON LXX.

EVENING HYMN.

1. To the sound of evening bells,
All that lives to rest repairs:
Birds unto their leafy dell,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.
All things wear a homebound look,
From the weary hind that plods
Through the corn-fields, to the rook
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.
2. 'Tis the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home
To the sailor, wandering
On the far-off barren foam.
What a still and holy time !
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime,
Only seen till now in dreams.

R. C. Trench.



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